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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Student-Life of Germany.* By W. Howitt; from the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius: containing Songs, illustrated by Wood-engravings, &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 484. Longman and Co.

"THE nineteenth century is the age of enlightenment: and Germany propels at the highest speed its spirit towards intellectual consciousness. It possesses a moral vigour which no other nation of the earth possesses; and the giant arms of German art and science embrace the whole wide surface of the globe with an all-living power."

Such is the magniloquent text which this volume undertakes to demonstrate: the superior moral vigour, the giant art, and the world-embracing living power of Germany, derived from the system of its education, and the practices of its students. In these, William Howitt, innoculated by Dr. Cornelius, is an enthusiast.

The said William Howitt, it is pretty generally known, is a member of the Society of Friends; and it is therefore probable was never much above a score of times exceedingly drunk \* before he went to Germany.

But being there, he seems, like all prose-lytes, to have rushed with a glorious gusto into the roystering orgies of Burschendom; and, as the Yankees say, to have gone the whole hog with the spirited lads whose feats in the beer-and-wine line he paints with an admiration which could only be kindled by kindred enjoyment. It is, indeed, a characteristic of man to indulge in extremes; and however dry some of William's works were before he visited foreign lands, it is evident from this spirited publication that that sojourn has made him a wet Quaker. Yet it is not in praise of drunkenness alone that he proves himself a modern Barnaby;—he, the apostle of peace, has absolutely become enamoured of fighting, and speaks of the duello in good set terms, which would do credit to the brave Parolles or valorous Bobadil. At swords, pistols, daggers, or blunderbusses, he is for all in the ring; and we daresay, if Congreve rockets or infernal machines were proposed by a boy in Germany, William would incontinently be his second on the occasion.

The duels at these colleges, however, are not of so frightful and terrific a nature; for though a fool is killed now and then by accident, they usually end in scratches, slight wounds, the poking out of an eye, or the slicing off of a nose. Such casualties are sufficient to satisfy Burschen honour for calling or being called *Dummer Junge*, id est, stupid youth. And William reconciles himself with a sort of side-wind apology for these innocent encounters; for he tells us here and there, "I am,

\* We do not enter into the German Student's degrees of intoxication—such as "up to his throat full," "taking the sky for a base-viol," "thick as heaven-hail," "daubed himself," "poodle thick;" "going as if all the houses were his;" "can't spit over his beard;" "cat thick;" "Moses' tongued;" "taking a church-spike for a toothpick;" "sprinkled his nose;" "buried;" "like a stuck calf;" "like a duck in thunder;" "split;" "a drunken swine;" and above a hundred other gradations of inebriety (for a list of which see pages 312, 313);—but mean simply what in our own language is called mortal drunk.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

though no advocate of a watery suction, mis-called temperance, neither a violent wine-bibber nor 'a fighting character.' I do not even, like our worthy friend Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, while planning Niger expeditions of civilisation, brew XXX in London; nor, like many of my countrymen, while attending church or chapel in England, insist on bombarding the Chinese, because they wont be poisoned with my opium. \* \* \* If, however, any one thinks that these youths had better be at their books than crossing swords or swallowing choppins, I assure him I am quite of the same opinion; and I here exhort the students, as soon as they get this volume, which they speedily will (!!) to forsake the Hirschgasse and the Kneip, and follow the advice, but not the example, of the English. Shall I advise them to imitate the students of Cambridge? Let any one read the "Student-Life of Cambridge" in a late number of the *Westminster Review*, and say whether that would be reasonable. Shall I advise them to practise the vice and the mockeries which are practised there, by those who give the most public and prominent character to the social student-life of England?

\* \* \* If the English will drink, let them drink wine as cooling, and beer as thin and bitter, as the Germans; if they will fight duels, let them abandon bullets that fly through a man and let the soul out after them, and be content with a scratched nose or punctured padding. If they will sing over their wine, let them not sing the vile trash that is heard in the haunts of our students, but the spiritual effusions of such writers as Schiller, Göthe, Körner, Arndt, Claudius, Hauff, Follen, Uhland, &c. No; one cannot read of English students—of their guzzlings and their songs—without feeling a sense of commonplaceness, a something low, gross, unimaginative, and vulgar. \* \* \* If there be a man who can read through this volume and not feel its poetry, and not perceive the high and beautiful sentiment which pervades it—the profound love of nature, and the glorious love of country.—let that man march off to Cambridge or Oxford; let him give his suppers or his breakfasts; let him hurry in his nightgown to morning prayers; let him become a first-rate rower, or a senior wrangler, if he will: but that man is no more fit to take his stand by the student-revellers of Germany, than Caliban is by Hyperion.

It is true that these German students sometimes do dismiss each other's souls by a bullet in the thorax; but one of them will fight many pitched battles in the course of his education, and never hurt his adversary worse than we have quoted. For the farce is performed with many antics in costume and ceremonies. The warriors are dressed for the nonce, covered with bindings, and stuffed out with paddings; so that it is almost as difficult to get a sword's point into them, as it was for our Horse-guards to kill the French lobsters (alias Cuirassiers), after they had unhorsed them at Waterloo—of which extra trouble they complained grievously. Among the paraphernalia we find "a tall cravat, which protects the throat, and commonly reaches up to the nose, which is put on in the hall immediately before the fight com-

mences. The binding of the arm is particularly important, that it may afford it the greatest possible protection, at the same time that it does not impede the action of the wrist and elbow. For this purpose is used a fine leather glove, bound round and secured to the wrist with a silken riband. This binding of the glove must be very carefully performed, so as to defend the sinews and arteries, which abound here, as much as possible from injury. The hand is protected by the basket-hilt of the sword. The duellist takes the end of the riband which secures the glove in his hand, until a similar one has been passed round the elbow. The stulp, a thick and well-quilted cover for the arm, made of silk, is then drawn on, fitted down upon the glove, and being fastened there by the riband which also secures the glove, and at the upper part of the arm by other ribands. Another bandage, called the axillary knot, has frequently also been brought under the shoulder, to defend the axillary arteries from injury. The last piece of the duel-costume consists of the paukhosen, or duel-trousers. It is made of leather of uncommon thickness, and well stuffed; and comes up so as to form a sort of cuirass, though without iron,—such as the soldiers of Columbus used to wear." And the fun is increased when "the whole of this duelsuit is calculated for a man of ordinary size, and therefore little fellows often cut a very laughable figure in it. They are more protected in it than larger persons, but at the same time are more encumbered." Guy Fawkes's! What would a party of our school-urchins have given for one of them alive, to carry about the streets on Friday the fifth! No wonder "there are now students, who, during their career, have fought from thirty to forty, and even sixty, times, and yet have come out of them all with a few slight wounds in the face. Yet tragical consequences are by no means wanting. Noses and eyes are sometimes lost, and even fatal terminations are now and then put to the strabobuts. The wounded are nursed with great care by their companions; and those who distinguish themselves with their weapons speedily mount to the head of their chores." Let our Oxford and Cambridge blades look to it: junior or even senior wranglers can never be compared to fighters so accomplished as these pugnacious fencers! Like Pistol, after such a schooling, they may well exclaim—

"Why then, the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open."

There is yet another method of the duel to be referred to, seemingly derived from the enlightened age of Odin, viz. the drinking of quantities of beer (and, be it remembered, "thin and bitter" too), to see who can hold the most or hold out longest. This elegant arbitrement by the stomach has more in it of the bowels of compassion than the other sort of stuffing, on the outside, with cotton. It is swilling, instead of killing; and the student of the greatest capacity (and no pump) is, as he ought to be, the conqueror. The beer-court is indeed of high authority; and disputants, when before it, act upon their *cerevis*, which, being explained, means, in the Burschen

flash, upon their beer, equivalent to, upon their honour! "The engagement à faire is the contract between two to measure themselves in beer-drinking. Those who will make an engagement à faire must let this be proclaimed clearly three times by a beer-honourable beer-bursch; whereupon all who are already concerned with these parties in a beer-scandal may state their claims, so that they may fight out their scandals with them before this new engagement comes on. Both combatants must at least empty one choppin in every five minutes, or be the quantity greater, they must still do the same. \* \* \* This beer-strife is ended by one or the other declaring that he can drink no more, but not by agreement to drink no more. He that yields must quit the kneip within five minutes, or will be condemned to two viertel. \* \* \* The beer-bann is that punishment by which the beer-honourable student, while he is be-thundered to four choppings, loses all his beer-rights in the special kneip in which he stands inscribed. The beer-bann, besides the loss of all beer-rights, has also this consequence, that the be-thundered, neither mediately nor immediately, can bring his beer to the table where the beer-honourable kneip. Should he do this, every beer-honourable is at liberty to throw the beer of the be-thundered upon the ground." This miserable trash is part of a lengthy code of laws anent the trial between two boys as to who can swallow the greatest number of choppings of sour beer (William says it is "amiable table-beer, far more mighty of hop than of malt") before he is sick: it is sickening to read it; but for actual tipping, our representative of Dr. Cornelius shews that it is still more eminently entitled to praise in Germany, and imitation in the schools, colleges, and universities of England.

At the Kirchweih (sorts of Bagnigge-wells or Robin-Hood tea-gardens), "one table is occupied by the students, who, revelling in a rich repast, now look up at the beauty of the Neckar-Thal, and now mix themselves in the throng, whispering with this and that maiden, to whom their shepherds cast frowns like thunder-clouds. But careless of this, the sons of the Muses conduct them forward to the dancing-floor;

And all already dance like mad—  
Juchhe! Juchhe!  
Juchheisa! Heisa! Ha!  
So goes the fiddle-bow.

Faster and faster goes the music, and ever madder whirls the waltz. In complete equality and freedom seem here the most opposite elements to be mingled. The atmosphere is already smothering hot, and clouds of dust fly up. But that matters not. He that finds it too hot flings off his coat, and dances in his shirt-sleeves; he that does not find the music keep time, helps it with the stamping of his foot. All seems totally happy—all unity. But the wine has meantime heated their heads; and suddenly in one corner of the hall rises a terrible hubbub. The strife has arisen about that maiden, who there, weeping, endeavours to part the combatants. 'What would the silly Knoten?' cries a student. Then springs wrathfully forth a brisk tailor. 'What be we? Knoten be we? dirt be we? Who says that is an ass, and I say it!' A swarm of students that have rushed into the saloon raise a burst of hearty laughter. Then blazes the wrath of the Handwerksburschen;—"Brother Hamburger! brother Leipsicer!" they cry. Numbers of them rush together, and strike with sticks, chair-legs, and bottles, at the little knot

of students furiously, who grimly stand on their defence. The Bursche shouts—  
'Let each one arm himself, like me, with sturdy stang, And chase unto destruction the beastly Lumpen gang.'  
'Tis said, and it is done! Beilona storms on high, And the battle is renewed with menace and reply.'

Upon this drunken and vulgar fray we may here observe, that William's descriptions of the German wine (as of the beer) and its effects do not always accord. We have already quoted a passage where he assures us it is "cooling," p. viii.; elsewhere he states it to be "very gentle and innocent, rather acidulous, and rather cooling fluid," p. vii.; anon it is "noble Rhein wine," p. 2; and we see that they are in the habit of getting very uproariously drunk upon it. "After the singing of every verse, they *stossen an*, or meet glasses; and whatever quantity of wine the Pawk-Bursch drinks, be it a half or a whole choppin, or even two choppin, the unhappy Brand-Fox must drink as much. Woe to him that falls into the hands of a thorough toper, who is inclined to run him hard. After the conclusion of these ceremonies, the comers is commonly held; so that many a young Bursche, on returning home, is pretty much in the condition of the Austrian who had been at a Bacchanal party, and was seen, on its breaking up, by one of his companions standing in the middle of the square in which his house lay, with his house-door key in his hand, which he was swinging from one side to another in an extraordinary manner. 'What are you doing there?' asked his friend. 'Ah,' said the man, 'the houses are all running round the square, like mad; and I am waiting till the right one comes. It has been here several times already, but somehow it has always escaped me.'

With this appropriate new anecdote, William garnishes his tale of a tub; but it is nothing to the exploits of the students in their nocturnal symposia. "Very frequently in the students' drinking-companies they sing a roundelay, as we lately saw at the evening peep at them at Hoffmann's rooms, where each one sings turn a song, or at least a strophe. This, as we have seen, they term a sauf-comment, which we may look at a little more closely, as it is sometimes attended with variations. The president of the sauf-comment sings:

There goes a drinking-law ourtable all around, around,  
There goes a drinking-law our table all around.  
Ten quarts and yet one-a  
Ye know well what I think on-a.  
Ten measures and ten mo,  
Fidium! let one now go, let one now go, let one now go!"

Again:

"Morning to the lectures go; nine-pins in the evening;  
Early, in old house-coat; not till late our toilet made.  
To comers then haste away,  
For there's pawked in a fox to-day.

(Spoken.) 'Silence, fox! hold your tongue when old mossy heads are speaking.' 'Ah, Heavens! I can drink no more of these healths: it makes me so ill.' 'Hold thy tongue, fox! thou hast yet only emptied nineteen choppings of most excellent beer; it is not worth talking of. Study only three years, and thou'lt bring it up to nine-and-twenty.'

So we hold the comers here,  
Jolly still with wine and beer;  
For we are but young once, in our life so fleeting.

An unbounded Jollity, &c."

And another song is in the following profane strain:—

"When Noah from the ark had got,  
The Lord came to him on the spot;  
He smelt his off'ring in the wind,  
And said, 'To thee I will be kind;  
And since a pious house thou art,  
Thyself shalt name the gracious part.'

Then Noah answer'd, as he stood,  
'Dear Lord, this water smacks not good;  
Therefore I, poor old man, would fain  
Some different kind of drink obtain,  
Since that there hath been drown'd therein  
All sinful beasts, and men of sin.'

To paradise God stretch'd his hand,  
And gave him thence a vine-stock grand;  
He gave him counsel good and right,  
Said, 'Tend thou this with all thy might.'  
He him instructed,—so, and so,—  
Till Noah's joy no bounds did know.

Both wife and child did Noah call,  
His servants and his house-folks all.  
He planted vineyards all about—  
For, trust me, Noah was no lout;  
Built cellars then, and press'd the wine,  
And tunned it into hogheads fine.

Old Noah was a pious man—  
Soon to a row his barrels ran.  
To God's high praise he drain'd each cask,  
Nor deem'd it, faith, a heavy task.  
He drank, thereafter, as appears,  
Three hundred yet and fifty years.

A knowing man thence see it will,  
That wine well used can do no ill.  
And farther, that no Christian more  
Into his wine will water pour,  
Because there hath been drown'd therein  
All sinful beasts and men of sin."

Of such stuff does honest William solemnly declare (as partly quoted already)—"If there be a man who can read through this volume and not feel its poetry, and not perceive the high and beautiful sentiment which pervades it; the profound love of nature, and the glorious love of country,—let that man march off to Cambridge or Oxford; let him give his suppers or his breakfasts; let him hurry in his nightgown to morning-prayers; let him become a first-rate rower, or a senior wrangler, if he will: but that man is no more fit to take his stand by the student-revellers of Germany than Caliban is by Hyperion. No; in the student-life, which is entered into as a brief season of youthful hilarity, which in this world can come but once; a season in which knowledge is not only to be gathered, but life to be enjoyed—friendships for life to be knit up—love, perhaps for life, to be kindled; and the spirit of patriotism to be cherished to a degree which no after-chills and oppressions of ordinary life shall ever be able utterly to extinguish,—in this life there is a feeling and a sentiment to which our (i. e. British) student-life is a stranger."

And among the drunkards and drinking-laws in the comers or meetings, the president has "(1.) A sceptre, generally a house-door key, with which he either dispenses with drinking, or exhorts the delinquent to drink or sing, or finally points out the defaulters. (2.) A naked sword, which is laid on the table, and with which the disobedient are compelled to obedience. Hereupon it is clear: (a) That no one, without the permission of the president, may stand up. If any one withdraws himself, without having asked permission aloud, he must, for his culpable stiffneckedness, drink from two to four glasses. (b) That no one may refuse to drink the glasses which are dictated to him, since, as shewn above, he is pledged to obedience, even to the risk of his life. *Quere?*—Can one who has drunken so much that he falls dead in the comers be obliged to drink more? *Answer*—No! since death discharges all obligations." Disinfection is thus earned: "The qualifications by which a member of a chore can raise himself in it are practice in the exercise of arms, bodily and intellectual dexterity in general; a good stomach, that he may be able to carry plenty of beer; and besides these, a powerful voice is a grand requisite."

In other words, we gather from these statements that roaring, bullying, brawling, swilling,

quarrelling blackguardism, is the high road to superiority in Burschen life:—that, like our eccentric clubs, odd fellows, all-blues, &c. &c., these poor lads are taught to fancy, as our prentice-boys out on a Sunday are led to imagine, that "cutting a swell," playing at jolly dogs, tippling, swaggering, and making themselves nauseous to every cleanly passer-by with filthy tobacco, is the grand secret of manism, the acme of high doings. Truly, "the cigar, which we must not forget, is much less affected by the student. Yet he sometimes prefers it to a pipe, over a cup of coffee; and then is he accustomed, with great satisfaction, to drive forth the smoke through his nostrils, in order to make himself thoroughly conscious of his luxury." Yes, the sweet youths prefer the "clay," and long and short pipes vary their luxurious enjoyments; for so independent is Herr Bursch, that "his whole life's plan must be now fashioned after his own judgment; he may enjoy his pleasures with a freer choice, and pursue his studies in a great measure according to his own discretion."

No wonder that, with all the discretion, with in prefixed, of an inflamed head, nicknamed "Mossie," upon immature shoulders, all his other pranks should be in keeping with those of his fighting, drinking, singing, and dancing, already described.

Thus his riding (for he always wears spurs, and sometimes gets on the outside of a horse): "The more distant places the student seeks by means of a horse or carriage. The riding-horses for hire are truly, for the most part, wretched jades. Even the means which the Renommist of Zachariae would prove unavailing here; and what he thus describes, on such Rosinantes as these could not come to pass—

A spur-stroke and a curse gave wings unto his horse;  
The crack of ponderous whip, and rib-thumps sans remorse,  
Sent him all foaming on, till almost in a minute  
The country lay behind him, the next he was not in it."

His driving. "Many a time the poor beasts are so weary, that the student can no longer urge them forward with the whip, and is obliged to have recourse to stones that he picks from the road."

His gambling. "We have stated that after dinner the student seeks his coffee-house, and is not ashamed, with a billiard-party, or with a game of cards, to kill an hour or two. The last amusement particularly will many of them only too passionately pursue; and indeed play, at the bank, as in Wiesbaden, or Baden-Baden, whither they make excursions, has plunged many of them already into great trouble. The student has invented many games at cards, which are played, partly for money, partly for beer, and bear peculiar names, as *cerieves*, *pererat*, *schlauch*, &c. When the student has in the evening visited his *kneip*, he has then brought his day's work famously to a close; and the reader will join in the chorus when he sings—

Thus we students,—you may see so,—  
Daily fun-full, blithe, uproarious,  
Burschen ever, could it be so!  
For the Bursche is ever glorious!"

His nine-pins! "We, in conclusion, may mention amongst the summer-pleasures of the student, the game at nine-pins, to which the son of Minerva devotes many an hour. Yet to describe the various kinds of this game would prove, probably, a little wearisome."

But William's conclusion is not our conclusion; for he has forgotten to rank in this category the natural consequence of these sportive recreations, namely, his "moonshining" or

*swindling*, which consists in his abruptly and secretly flying from his *alma mater*, leaving the tailors who have furnished his buffoon dresses, the beer-sellers, the wine-dealers, the tobacco-consumers, &c. &c., who have supplied his revels, to look for payment to the riotous companions he has left in sorrow behind. For William informeth us:—"Before we permit the student to depart from the happy Burschendom into Philisterium, we will see in what manner he generally takes his farewell of the university. For this there are three ways: either the quiet way, in which we shall presently see Mr. Traveler depart; or the still quieter one in the stillness of the night, in order to avoid the hands of his creditors; or, finally, the compulsory one, which the Burschic must generally take who has made too much noise in the world. We have already made ourselves acquainted with different excesses on which lie the penalties of banishment; and we will here speak of the greatest of all these excesses, at least of that, in respect to its application to members, the very greatest—the marching forth. As the duel is resorted to, to enforce justice from one student towards another; so it is the marching forth, in which the students not merely leave the bounds of order, but the university-city itself, which is regarded as the means of avenging the injured body upon the whole city, for an encroachment upon its rights." We need say no more on this general mode of evaporating; but, descending to individuals, we learn, "In order to make themselves secure against a student, whom they are afraid may attempt to quit without discharging his debt, the creditor is accustomed to take the usual and effectual way, that is, to go and lay an arrest on his departure-testimonial, which will then not be handed to the student, by the university-office, till he has paid his debts; by which means it becomes very difficult to quit the place without a fair settlement with his creditors. One way, however, remains for him. In the university-cities are people who lend money to the students at a high rate of interest. These the student pumps, as he calls it; and as claims for money lent to students are untenable before the court, these people generally get the loss when a student runs off, as well as all those other creditors who have not protested against the delivery of his testimonial. This burning through, or running through the rags, as starting without paying is called, was formerly much more frequent than at present. If it now sometimes happens, yet the cases are very rare in which they do not afterwards pay, as soon as they are in circumstances to do it. When these escapes were made, it was generally at midnight; or in this manner:—the youth's companions accompanied him in a *comital*, or one of their regular departure-processions; but another student was set in the first carriage, in the place of honour, as though it were he who was leaving. When they had, however, quitted the city, the real departer took the place of honour, and the pretended one then quietly returned to the city. On such occasions was sung the song, of course not till the immediate danger was past—

'Forth from here, the Manichæans watch us.'

The Manichæans are the creditors; so called after the old, much-reprobated sect of the Manichæans, who, in the third century, held the doctrines of the Persian heretic Manes."

The union of the entire body, upon certain occasions, is simply rebellion and ruin; lesser combinations are exactly like the strikes of workmen amongst ourselves, and very mischievous for boys' work; *ex. gr.*—"When a

burger of the university-city, or of the vicinity, whose trade derives benefit from the students—for example, an innkeeper or a shopkeeper—treats a student harshly or unjustly, the complainant must lay his charge before this court [a students' chore]. His memorial to the S.C. must be drawn up in due form, according to the nature of its contents and established custom, and must bear the signature of one of the seniors: The S.C. now makes inquiry into the guilt or innocence of the accused. If he be found guilty, it decrees the punishment, which consists in proscription, for a longer or shorter period. This state of proscription, or being under the bann, is very exactly determined in years, months, weeks, and days; and during this period no student, be he in chore or not in chore, dare to purchase any thing from the condemned, or enter his house, otherwise he exposes himself to the certain danger of being also laid under the bann; and the chores regularly send their people to see whether any violation of their edict take place."

The fine democracy of these tyrants, and their hatred of all superior rule or distinctions, appear to have endeared them to their historiographer; and their swagger, equal to any one's, especially when fuddled, is set forth by him in glowing colours, as their grand recommendation, —an example worthy to be imitated throughout the British empire. The murder of Kotzebue is gently reprov'd, and our pity besought for the fanatic Sand, who so coolly assassinated him on the suspicion that he was a Russian spy. The assassin was executed; and "the scaffold, according to custom, became the perquisite of the executioner, who came from Heidelberg. The stranger may observe a small garden-house which was built out of this material, as he goes towards the Bierhalter-hof, by the way of 'the Three Troughs,' as it is called. To this house for some years the Burschenschaft were accustomed to go on the anniversary of Sand's execution, in procession, and there with singing, and probably an oration, paid their respect to his memory. Even those who did not approve of murder as a mere political reform, yet were glad that Kotzebue was out of the way, and pitied and even honoured Sand, as a devoted and high-minded though misguided martyr to their cause."

Such are their darker and more exciting glories; and only rendered more disgusting by their silly and indecent buffooneries.

"Burschen-Comment.—The rule of life which every honorary Bursch must follow. To live according to the Burschen-comment means, to be bound by the laws of neither God nor man, and to consider one's-self as better than all other men. 1st proof. Students are the sons of the Muses. The Muses are goddesses. Gods and goddesses are bound by no laws; therefore neither are their sons. 2d proof. It belongs to unlimited power to decide with the sword. But the students decide with the sword, therefore have they unlimited power. Unlimited power is one of the highest prerogatives. Princes possess only the highest prerogatives; therefore the students are princes. Princes are exalted above the law, so also are the students. This sentence is perhaps strengthened by the old song:—

Burschen are kings;  
And the proof is here,—  
They drink all their mothers'  
Pennies in beer.

"Mucker, Stubensitzer, Kopfhänger, Kessel, Wurtzel,—Saint, Stay-at-Home, Head-hanger, Kettle, Root.—These words are nearly synonymous, and indicate a man who scarcely dares



to breathe, or to step over the door-sill; who from anxiety, or sanctimoniousness, goes with his head hanging down, or sits as continually over his books as a turkey-hen upon her eggs, or a kettle over the fire.

*"Plaster-treter, Pavement-treader; Quar, Curds."*—These are names of the men who are natives of the city or its vicinity. Pavement-treaders are those who were born on the ground and site of the university; and therefore, from youth up, have trodden the very same street-pavement. The pavement-treaders are also generally styled patent-schissers, since they must conduct themselves in all propriety, being under the eyes of their parents; must go about in gloves, and frocks, or untorn coats, and not smoke in the streets. Curds are so called because they come only a few miles from the city, and to whom, therefore, their mothers, as their darlings, can send, if they please, a dish of curds for their suppers."

"At the long table, at which they are accustomed to drink beer at their kneps, sit others, especially those of the presiding chore, and at their head the president, the drawn sword lying before him. All the spectators are well provided with beer and pipes, that they may be able to enjoy the spectacle the more agreeably. The doors of the hall now open, and an old Bursche, seated in a chair with its back before him, rides in. He is in white leathern breeches and jack-boots, and wears also the hat of a postilion. He is commonly clad in a polonaise, and at his left side hangs the postilion's horn; in his right hand he carries his sword. Sometimes, as a variety, he rides in high gala dress, in frock and huge shirt-collar, and seated on an ass, carrying also his highly-polished and glittering sword in his hand. With solemn assumption of grotesquely well-acted dignity, he thus leads up the procession of assembled foxes, who, also in leathern breeches and jack-boots, ride on chairs in the same style, after the old house. The moment that the leader of the train appears, the whole assembly breaks out singing.

Then commences the initiation of the brand-foxes. These have in the meantime made themselves fire-proof. They have put on great wigs of tow, thoroughly saturated with water. The moment that they appear in the hall, they are pursued by the assembled Burschen, who stand with huge spills ready lighted in their hands. Here and there fly the poor foxes before their pursuers, who chase them like so many fiends from below with the flaming spills, and without mercy strike them over the head and face wherever it is possible. When the paper is burnt out, the fury of the pursuers ceases also, and the fat foxes are advanced to the rank of brand-foxes."

We have quoted these absurdities previous to offering a very few concluding observations, which may be introduced by the annexed brief passage:—"There yet remains to be mentioned the numerous class of students termed in student-phrase, camels—amongst whom are again contemptuously distinguished those who live totally isolated and retired, and never on any occasion, or on any account, visit the chores, their kneps, or take any part in their festivities and processions, and are therefore ignominiously dubbed kettles, bookworms, &c."

Yet, in the face of all this contumely heaped upon the really studious, the author maintains not only that the Burschen life does not interfere with the studies of the better-disposed youths, but that such a life, instead of impeding, improves sound instruction. The doctrine is monstrous; and it is to repel it that we have gone at

such length into this poisonous lesson. What parent would wish his son to pass through so brutalising a career? Let this question be answered in the affirmative, and William Howitt's apology for vices will be more successful than Barclay's for Quakers. Far more honoured in the breach than in the observance would be all such tomfooleries and wickedness; and long may it be before they are imitated, as the writer preaches, among the youth of England. We have follies enow; but, thank Heaven, none like these.

Do we mean to say, that fine, and noble, and intellectual, and glorious fellows have not emanated in numbers from German universities? Far from it. They have produced numbers of the first men of Europe in every line of eminence—the greatest warriors, statesmen, scholars, poets, of the world. But these, depend upon it, were not the heroes of the Burschen—they were illustrious in defiance of them.

And since *fas est ab hoste doceri*, so is it good to learn from what is defective or bad in educational systems and practices to avoid such imperfections in the formation and conduct of better plans. Thus Friend Howitt's book should be read and pondered well, as one of great general interest, and as affording a curious view of all that is wrong in German education, with nothing, *per contra*, of what is right in it and deserving of approbation. He has done his utmost to make the worse appear the better reasons; but the judicious thinker will perceive through his dark lantern that the vast mass (and vast it is) of what is good and admirable in that country, has sprung up in spite, and not in consequence, of Burschen mountebankism and degrading vice.

But we must have done; and we must not end so seriously with so serio-comic a performance. A ludicrous caricature at p. 425 shews us the Bursch got home to his be-spectacled papa and mamma; and the final tail-piece displays him in his cap, equipments, and spurs, smoking at full length on a sofa, with a pot of beer and a cur dog beside him. These are "beautiful exceedingly;" but the greatest beauty of the whole is, that the worthy William has infected his sweet and quiet wife, Mary, with his drunken frenzy. Seized with the mania, our dear poetess, like the Pythoness of old, has burst out in tipsy song; and thus was it sung in the noisy and odorous temple of the Burschen. "The table was moved forward to the stove. A light odour of cigars filled the room, and the wine, which was played around by the flames in the little coffee-kettle, began to sing. The cloves were now thrown in, the guests each took sugar, and Freisleben filled the glasses. Hoffmann had brought a guitar with him, and accompanied on it the following song:—

Down, down with the sorrows  
And troubles of each!  
For what is our life made  
But drinking and mirth?

Drink, and be glad, sirs,  
Laugh and be gay;  
Keep sober to-morrow,  
But drink to-day!

Love's a deceiver,—  
He'll cheat if he can;  
Sweet innocent woman  
Is wiser than man!

Trust her not, trust her not,  
She will deceive!  
Who wins her may gather  
The sea in a sieve!

Laying up money  
Is labour and care;  
All you have tilled for  
Is spent by the heir!

Knowledge is wearisome,  
Save when the wise  
Study whole volumes  
In beautiful eyes!  
So down with the sorrows  
And troubles of earth!  
For what was our life made  
But drinking and mirth?  
Then drink and be glad, sirs,  
Laugh and be gay;  
Keep sober to-morrow,  
But drink to-day."

Bravo, bravo! "live-hoch," "live-hoch!"  
dear Mary Howitt;

"Keep sober to-morrow,  
But drink to-day."

And as for thy husband William, we must now bid him farewell. So long has he indulged with the great Ton at Heidelberg, that it is the most natural thing on earth he should have made himself a—Butt.

*Sar Obair nam Bard Gaelach—The Beauties of the Gaelic Bards.* By John Mackenzie, Esq.; with an Introduction by James Logan, Esq., F.S.A.Sc.&c. 8vo. Glasgow, 1841. Polson, Macgregor, and Co.

THE publication of Ossian's poems surprised the literati of Europe; and the strongest curiosity was excited respecting the compositions of a people who had never before boasted of their literary treasures. Among the Gael, however, it was found, that remains of bardic lore had been preserved from ages incredibly remote. It was to the patronage of Dr. Blair and several of his friends that the public were indebted for the publication of the poems collected among the Highlanders by M'Pherson; and to their spirited subscription, which enabled him to proceed on his tour of investigation, the acquisition of that gentleman's subsequent fame and fortune is no doubt to be ascribed. M'Pherson, although he did not make a complete collection of the oral remains of that extraordinary poet, performed for Ossian the same service which, at the command of Pisistratus, had been performed for Homer—the effusions of the Gaelic bard were sought out and arranged—perhaps, it may be remarked, with a too capricious and unwarrantable license. His translations were not, indeed, the first which had appeared. Hill, Stone, and some others, had, long previously to 1762, been struck with the peculiar character and poetical excellence of the old compositions which the Highlanders were so fond of rehearsing, and were induced to publish several translations. The favourable reception, under the title of "Ossian's poems," which they met, stimulated different individuals to traverse the same field, some of whom had superior qualifications for the task; and they succeeded in gleaming various pieces, which had escaped preceding research, or been deemed of too slight or dubious antiquity for publication by others. Some of these collections are, notwithstanding, extremely curious, particularly the Rev. Dr. Smith's *Gaelic Antiquities*, and Clarke's *Caledonian Bards*; but they were too late to eclipse the Ossianic publication.

The power of oral record is not readily conceivable by those who have not considered the effects of the Pythagorean injunction, so religiously adhered to by the Celts, unceasingly to exercise the memory, repeating moral precepts—celebrating the brave and virtuous, and holding up the actions of the wicked as beacons for guidance in the path which would meet approbation here, and secure the happy reward of an Elysium hereafter.

Fostered by the pastoral occupations of the people, among whom the poets were objects

of the fondest national regard, a diligent and successful devotion to the Muses filled the Highlands with a numerous succession of bards, and produced an ample store of rich and unique versification, which, like a stream flowing from the ages of antiquity, has reached our times in prodigious accumulation. In the scanty catalogue of Gaelic publications, the poetical are by far the most numerous; but an acquaintance with this species of literature is almost confined to the limited portion of the population who speak the language, and translations are but few.

Many volumes containing the works of individual poets have been published, illustrated with copious and interesting notes adapted for the English reader; but a general selection like the present was a desideratum. No translation, it is said, can truly display the "beauties of Gaelic poetry." Here we have them in their native dress; and, although their peculiar excellence in that costume is rather occult, there are very interesting lives of the various individuals in English, with passages illustrative of national history, and an elaborate introduction, replete with curious information respecting the bardic order—their influence in Celtic society—their poetical talent—systems of versification, &c. &c., by Mr. Logan, who has written several works on similar subjects.

It is here shewn that the Highlanders possess a remarkable degree of musical genius; and not the least curious observation on the galaxy of names, is, that several of the most admired bards were entirely illiterate, as the mellifluous Duncan M'Intyre, sometime laureate to the Highland Society. Others were, however, well educated,—many of the chiefs and ladies distinguishing themselves by their acquirements and successful competition in the frequent "poetical contests," which sharpened the wit, and afforded the opportunity of triumph to the aspirant.

The profession was esteemed so honourable that princes gloried in it. The possession of talent entitled a serf to freedom; and a bard could make suit to the proudest daughter of nobility. The privileges of the bards were truly great: their persons were inviolable; their houses were sanctuaries; they were exempt from all tax and tribute; they were not compelled to serve in war; and their possessions were freehold! The Welsh laws secured them "liberty and free maintenance;" and both Gael and Cymri settled their immunities and fees with curious precision. Mr. Logan has given, in a condensed and entertaining form, the Brehon laws which regulated the dress, gradations, franchises, and emoluments of these important personages. Such unbounded respect produced among the bards, as might have been expected, a degree of arrogance and presumption which brought on them deserved chastisement. The slaughter of the Druids in Anglesea by the Romans, and sanguinary persecution of the Welsh bards by Edward I., are well known. They were not more fortunate in Ireland, where the early settlers unrelentingly pursued them as the indefatigable stirrers up of their countrymen to rebellion. In the celebrated statutes of Kilkenny, 1309, they were denounced; and repeated attempts were subsequently made, by penal enactments, to suppress a profession so determinedly opposed to the introduction of English law and civilisation. We have a description given of these haughty rhymsters by the poet Spenser, who long sojourned in Ireland, in his own quaint, but no doubt overcharged style. "They

were brought up idly, without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without fear of offence. For little reward, or the share of a stolen cow, they wax most insolent and half mad with love of themselves. As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime by spoils and robberies, one of their bards will say, that he was none of the idle milkops brought up by the fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he did never eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flame of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people, the clashing of arms; and, finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but making many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death."

The bards were naturally opposed to any improvement which would have the effect of lessening their own importance; but, having had their golden age, they were obliged to submit to the iron. In later times they declined from their respectability; and, instead of being the unflinching opposers of vice and immorality, they too often became servile and mercenary parasites, and were curtailed of their privileges. There were certainly many honourable exceptions; but perhaps the lairds were not sorry for a pretext to resume the ample farms, which, in virtue of the profession, these annalists and hereditary monitors enjoyed. A characteristic anecdote is related on this point. "At a Highland banquet in Skye, about fifty years ago, a call was made for the bards to be brought to the upper end of the room. 'The bards are extinct,' observed M'Nicaill of Scoirebreac. 'No!' quickly rejoined Alastair buidh M'Ivor; 'but those who patronised them are gone!'"

We find Gaelic, like Latin verses, may be scanned; but, although there are the authorities of several Gaelic scholars in favour of this mode of testing its goodness, Mr. Logan is "of opinion that the rules for scanning, by which Latin verses are governed, are alien to the Gaelic, which certainly does not owe the art of poetry to the Romans." Numerous examples illustrative of the various modes of versification are given, and many of them strike us as very peculiar. The more early poets appear to have composed without adhering to any fixed laws; but it is justly observed, that "the natural flow of the passions is not restrained by attention to measure or adherence to rule, and events which produce strong mental agitation are not likely to be commemorated in soft, flowing, and well-adjusted lines."

It is by no means necessary that the lines should rhyme, as in English, to form good verses; "the concord does not always depend on the coincidence of final words, but rests on some radical vowel in different words, and these not terminal alone, but recurring in several places throughout the verse: muir, cuir; each, creach; gleann, beann, &c., are quite perfect; but in fios, gion; lamb, bas; feidh, sleibh; beul, speur, &c., the rhyme is in the corresponding vowels." Alliteration was a favourite ornament, and seems to have even imbued their prose; but it was brought to an intricate science by the poets, and was regulated by an artfully constructed "table."

A few of the beauties in an English garb shall finish our notice of this curious work.

"The aged bard's wish" represents the old man as desirous of expiring in a sylvan spot, stretched on a verdant bank overspread with the primrose, daisy, and other flowers; and "his feet bathed in the wandering stream from the new-born fountain, gushing from the ivy-clad rock with its soothing murmur;" "the children of the bushes" lulling him to sleep "with their melodious songs of love." This venerable old man,—who falls into a slumber, during which he has a dream of two youthful lovers, "who awake in his soul a gleam of that happy joy which shall not to him return,"—gives no indication of being a Christian. "O place me," he exclaims, "within hearing of the great waterfall, with its murmuring sound as it descends from the towering rock; let a harp and a shell be by my side, and the shield that defended my fathers in battle. Come with friendship over the sea, O soft blast that movest slowly; bear my shade on the wing of thy swiftess, and travel quickly to the Isle of the Heroes, where those who went of old are in deep slumber,—deaf to the sound of music. Open the hall where dwell Ossian and Daol. The night shall come, and the bard shall not be found for ever. Ah! before it come, a little while ere my shade retire to the dwelling of bards upon Arden," &c. &c. There are none of the pieces ascribed to Ossian, the chief of bards, in this volume; but it commences with a poem called *Morduth*, which, from the style, and absence of all allusion to Christianity, is probably of equal antiquity. There is a considerable portion (three duans, or parts) of it here; but even the industry of Mackenzie was unable to recover a part which is believed to be wanting. Clarke gives a faithful and spirited translation, from which we select a passage which, in our opinion, is equal to the sublimest burst of the "Voice of Cona!"—

A chieftain having been at the wars in Ireland returns; and discovering Minabhas, his betrothed, and a stately young hero in affectionate converse, of which he overhears a conversation which persuades him of her infidelity, he pierces the lady with an arrow, and mortally wounds in the consequent combat he whom he then finds is her brother! Turning to the dying female, he draws out the arrow, "while his tears mingled with the red stream from her bosom. She opened her faint eyes, and beheld her Moral's hands bathed in her blood. She shrieked herself into a ghost. I strove to grasp it in my arms; but it fled with horror from my embrace, and rose on a beam of the moon! Four stones mark the dwelling of the hero: near it rose the tomb of the lovely. The virgins often give the tear of pity as they pass; the tenants of the bush sing their songs of woe. All night I sit and listen to the wind. Dark clouds frown on me as they roll over my head. The children of the air shun me with horror."

The volume is handsomely got up, and embellished with two appropriate engravings. Messrs. Logan and Mackenzie have done their devoirs with a successful patriotism, furnishing a very valuable addition to the works illustrative of the history of a people whose distinctive manners are so rapidly merging in those of another race. The library of every Highlander ought to be enriched by a copy.

*The Comic Annual for 1842.* By T. Hood. Colburn.

LAST Christmas there seemed to be no roast beef, no plum-pudding, no snap-dragon, no sports; or, what was worse, there were no

Thomas Hood, no *Comic Annual*, no pun-gent jokes, no laughter. We thought the *mill-any-hum* was at hand; but instead of it, we rejoice to see our facetious friend again. His preface too, pleading *bad health* for his non-appearance, must be received as a good excuse; a *valid apology* for an *in-vald*. He tells us of the sinister reports so dexterously spread abroad in consequence of his being missed; and he adds, "It must be confessed that my own character and conduct tended to countenance these rumours. Naturally of domestic and retired habits, my taste more inclined me to the joys of a country mouse than to those of a town lion. There are persons who seem, like Miss Blenkinsop's curls, to be never 'out of the papers'; but it was no ambition of mine to be constantly buzzing like a chafer in the public ear, or lying like a gnat into the public eye. The reporters never echoed my name like that of the boy Jones. I had never aimed at royalty and notoriety with the same bullet. I had neither gone up with Mr. Green, nor down with Corporal Davy Jones,—nor blown up great guns like Colonel Paisley,—nor tried my shell or my rocket at Woolwich like the Duc de Normandie,—nor made myself a joint-stock company,—nor taken a single rod, pole, or perch in Egypt, much less an Acre. I had not made a row in Newman Street, Oxford Street, at Number Ninety. I had not even exhibited those signs of life in London, which are fatal to knockers and street-lamps. In short, for any noise or stir about town, I might as well have been buried at Holyrood. Nevertheless, the surmise was as premature as the report that killed Mr. Davidge. Instead of leaving this world, or the world of letters, I was really bargaining—by the help of Father Mathew and Bernard Kavanagh, *alias* temperance and abstinence—for a renewed lease of life and literature, the first-fruits of which are collected in this little volume."

Having thus properly re-introduced our *Momus in propria persona*, we must turn attention to what is (we believe) new in his *Momusiana* for 1842; and, as we wish to be considered a Friend in Need, rather than a needy friend, we shall open with a piece of that story, descriptive of a sick Quaker, and the diagnosis of his feverishness.

"Jasper Duffie was a Friend, and, moreover, a friend in need, for he was in need of a doctor. The disease—some sort of fever; for, in one hour from his seizure, he was like a Dutch plaice—all drab and red spots. Accordingly—but stop, some gentleman cries 'Walker!' 'Tis the courteous reader! Now, by ferret-eyed Nemesis! if the subject were not a Quaker, and myself—as an author always ought to be—completely identified with my subject, I would steel-penetrate the offender with the weapon next at hand! But no, no, no. My nature is subdued to what it works in—a vat of Barclay's entire. Not the brewing Barclay, but the Apologising. And kick me, and I will apologise too, for my kerseymeres are no longer black, but of a weak teetotal green." Nay, tweak me by the Roman feature, and fear not. I am no longer one of those who wear a nose like the knob of a surgeon's night-bell, and must rouse up whenever it is pulled. Twelve courteous readers, were they all householders of Middlesex, and all in a jury-box, and all sworn to do it, could not try my temper. There is nothing spicy in it—no more pepper than in Berered Hassan's cream-tarts. If I ever had any spirit, it has taken the long pledge not to shew itself again. Anger! You might as well hope to obtain a spark from a non-electrical eel! Retaliation! You may as soon expect it from

the slate-coloured thing that the charity-boy spits upon and then cuffs. Pride, envy, malice, hatred—the very blackest of my passions, are turned of a mouse-colour, like the black horse that is clipped. Ever since I have been writing in this brown study, I have been taking on Quakerism—silently and insensibly, as the swine take on fat. My whole nature is changed—the acids have become saccharine—the hard fibre more soft—the rough, sleek—whilst the milk of human kindness has thickened into a rich cream. I am no longer mister, or esquire, but plain friend—a friend to every body in the world, including myself. Henceforth I have done with all mundane and carnal vanities, and redundant discourse, and profane expletives. My garments shall be olive—my beaver, brown, with a broad brim, and like unto the hat of Gulliver, which required a team of six horses to draw it off. I will say *thee* and *thou* to kings, and pluralists, and editors—and *yea* and *nay* to magistrates and to judges. As to the act of violence, the more I am called out, the more I will stay in—and before I will pay one copper farthing to the queen's rates, I'll be a d—d! Friend! thee hast sworn! Not a bit of it, fair Rachel. The word is—*distrainted*."

"To return to Jasper Duffie and his fever—'All gammon!' exclaims a medical student from Lant Street—a disciple of Æsculapius in a pilot-coat, and with a head not unlike Galen's over the apothecary's door—only brazen, not gilt. 'All gammon and humbug—won't pass the esophagus! What! a Quaker have a fever? I wish you may get it! It ain't on the cards. Ask Guy—ask St. Thomas—ask St. Bartholomew—ask Bob Smith. A palsy, if you like, or an ague, or dropsy, or atrophy, or lethargy, or consumption, provided it don't gallop—any thing chronic; but as for a fever, or any thing red-spotted, they can't come it. There is no such case in the *Lancet*, nor in all the curiosities of Dr. Millingen's *Medical Experience*. You won't find a Quaker of any kind in Bright—and it's long odds agin Aristotle. The same agin Celsus, and Mithridates, and Æsculapius, and Hippocrates; but no—he was a horse-doctor. It's all my eye! What's a fever to hang on by? They've no nervous irritability—no peccant humours—no nothing to ferment with—all cold and phlegmatic. You might as soon expect inflammatory action from a fire-engine, or spontaneous combustion in a salt cod, or a flare-up from a temperance snap-dragon made with raisins and water. It's no go, old fellow! Lushing might do it; but they don't drink, and they won't fight—always train off. They can't breed any thing malignant—it ain't in their system—and if you were to give it 'em, they'd take all the spite out of it, as a cow does the small-pox, till it's as mild as my Havanna. Why, a Quaker's pulse never goes above thirty in a minute, best pace—I've timed lots of 'em; and, besides, they've no red blood, like our claret—it's all buffy coat, and you can't get it up to fever heat—no, not if you boiled it! Indeed! Now, if this were correct, what an organisation to sound and auscultate, about the region of the heart, with a moral stethoscope! Moral! morals be hanged—all twaddle. I've sounded a Quaker, my boy, with the real instrument—a capital tool, made by Weiss himself—and there's hardly more noise than in a stiff 'un. Only a gentle hum, like a top going to sleep, no *râle*, no *bruit de sifflet*, no *bruit de diable*—catch a Quaker rattling, or whistling, or making a devil of a noise! By the by, I recollect a case—it is in Boerhaave's *Dogmas*,

or Reed's, or Murray's, or Bill Gibbons's—blister me if I know which—of a Broadbrim with the hydrophobia. Bit in nine places, and wouldn't have one of them cauterised or cut out, and yet never ran mad! No, sir! No, sir. Walked it, and never gave tongue. Only bit one little child, and that was a baby in arms, and then not through the skin. Shook his head at water, but lapped loo-warm milk, went home, got into bed of his own accord to be smothered, and died like a lamb. So you see what likelihood there is of a fever. Not the ghost of a chance! Ask the patentee of James's Powders. Why, the Quakers never have the morbus—won't turn blue. If you think I'm cramming you, go to Doctor Bumpus, or Doctor Arne, or Doctor Billing, or Doctor Lushington, or Doctor Swift, or Doctor Faustus—any of 'em will back me up. Ask Bell, if he's handy; or go to the surgeons, Seddon, or Cubitt, or Carpenter—any of our top-sawyers. Or have a spell at the medical books; there's Phillips on Febriles, Perceval on Typhus, Macculloch on Marsh, Pym on the Balam, Coutts on the Remittent, Dickinson on the Yellow; try all the fevers, and if you find a Quaker in any one of 'em, I'll be pounded, and find my own pestle and mortar." All of which, Mr. What-ye-call, may sound very logical to you, who study the pathological, and nosological, and physiological, and necrological. But it is true, nevertheless, that friend Duffie had a fever,—and what is more, not a slow fever, but a fast one,—and what is still more, it was scarlet—as fast and scarlet as the old royal mails."

To his aid is called in the parish practitioner; and his entrance leads to a digression on Curiosity, which may farther serve to illustrate this very original sketch. In his delirium Joseph Duffie "talked like a costermonger, and was so abusive that you would have thought he carried pebbles in his mouth, like Demosthenes, to accustom it to hard words. The mildest names he used were \* \* \* \* and \* \* \*; and as to oaths, he swore so many, that if he had been fined for them at the legal rate, the dollars placed edge to edge would have reached from Bow Street to any place you please that is a five-shilling fare! 'He is possessed with a devil!' exclaimed the voice, alias Rachel Duffie; and jumping up from her chair, as if to fetch an exorcist, she ran—yes, for the first time in her life, she ran down stairs, and would, perhaps, have jumped the two steps at the bottom, if they had not been occupied at the moment by Jonathan Brumby."

"And who in the world was Jonathan Brumby? Patience, miss, patience. I was about to inform you; but now I must give you instead a lecture on that prying, meddling, impertinent passion, called curiosity. But I beg pardon; it is intended also for your father, and brothers, and uncles, and your male cousins; for it is no more a female complaint than the influenza. Some years ago the modern Babylon was thrown into consternation by the mysterious assassination of a female mendicant, one Judith Trant. It was a time of profound peace. There was no eastern or western question to occupy the public mind, so that the subject had fair play. 'Shocking and barbarous murder!' bawled the newsmen. 'Shocking and barbarous indeed!' cried a million of human echoes. The perpetrator had owned to the act—but why did he do it? Not for love, for Judith was an old woman. Not for money, for she was a beggar. Not for revenge, for there was no quarrel. Not for political ends, for she was nobody. It was a perfect puzzle! The motive-mongers were com-



pletely at fault! Curiosity is like the crocodile, which never leaves off growing till its death. The constable who seized the murderer, the magistrate who examined him, the clerk who made out his mittimus, the jailor who received his body, the turnkey who locked it up, and the under-turnkey, were all dying to know 'Why he did it?' 'He couldn't tell,' he said. 'It was a sudden impulse—a sort of whisper—Satan put it in his head—he had no reason for doing it,—in short, the why and wherefore of it were more than he knew himself.' Such an account was, of course, very unsatisfactory to the gossips. Curiosity ran to and fro, with her tongue out like a hound, to pick up the scent. 'Where was he born? Who were his father and mother? Were they lawfully married? Who baptised him? Who nursed him? Had he been vaccinated? Where schooled? Where apprenticed? Did he ever keep rabbits? Did he go to church or chapel? Could he sing or whistle, and what tunes? Could he play on any thing, or was he ever at the theatre? Did he wear his hat on one side? What was his exact height? Was he in the habit of killing old women?'—The jailor made his prisoner drunk; but the secret did not transpire. The jailor's wife made toast for the murderer, and invited herself to tea with him; but she got nothing from him except a lock of his red hair. His fellow-prisoners advised him in vain to make a clean breast of it. His counsel declared the whole truth to be indispensable to his defence. Ministers of all persuasions tried to persuade him to unbosom. Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, and Lutherans—staunch Protestants though they were—all preached in favour of auricular confession. Ladies brought fruit, flowers, cakes, and tracts, to the wretch, and invited his confidence. 'Why—why—why did he do it?' But woman herself could only obtain from him the woman's reason—he did it, because he did. Curiosity was ready to burst. Like a crocodile, she had shed tears, and pretended to sympathise with human suffering, in order to gratify her own appetite; but all she caught was a little hair. She could not eat, drink, or sleep, for thinking of it; and in the impatience of her own torments, declared loudly that the rack, for such obstinate cases, ought never to have been abolished. In the meantime the trial came on. The court was crammed. The clerk read the indictment, and the prisoner pleaded. The witnesses proved the crime, but wondered why he did it. The counsel hunted for a motive. The jury fished for it. The judge speculated on it in his charge; and, finally, the foreman brought in a verdict of 'guilty!' with a recommendation to mercy, 'provided he gave his reason.' The convict swore that he had none to give: 'He had killed the old woman off-hand—it was a sudden start—the same as a frisk—he couldn't account for it—'twas done in a dream, like.' Curiosity was rampant. A duchess, two marchionesses, and as many countesses, honoured the murderer with a visit, and engaged to use their interest with the king for a pardon—on one condition. A noble lord promised to make the prisoner a superintendent of police in exchange for the secret. A patriotic county member declared that the disclosure was due to the country, but pledged his honour to confine the least hint of the matter to his own bosom. A public journalist generously offered the use of his columns for the felon's last words, without charging for them as an advertisement. The chaplain himself could not refrain from wondering, in the condemned sermon, at a crime committed without malice, without profit, without necessity, without motive. The wretched

culprit sobbed, groaned, wrung his hands, and expressed, by the convulsions of his features, the utmost remorse and contrition. 'Why did ye do it, then?' whispered the pew-opener. 'Lord knows,' replied the culprit. Monday came—his last Monday. The sun rose brightly—the cold cell grew lighter and lighter; but curiosity was as much in the dark as ever. The men who had sat up all night with the convict declared that he had talked a wonderful deal in his sleep about green fields, and Berkshire, and a game of cricket. And not a word about the old woman? Yes, he said, he had killed her because—(Ah!—yes,—well,—what,—go on, why did he kill her?)—Why, because she didn't get more notches! Crash! What a blow curiosity seemed to have received plump in the ear! The hardest cricket-ball ever pitched could not have hit her more severely! Her head rang with it for a week after. However, she was able to follow the doomed man into the press-room, where the sheriffs and under-sheriffs, with their respective friends, the ordinary, and the extraordinary clergy, the reporters, and other official or officious persons, were assembled. The convict's irons were knocked off. 'If you have any thing to say,' stammered the senior sheriff, 'now is the time.' 'To cleanse the bosom of the perilous stuff,' put in a celebrated tragedian. 'It is not yet too late,' began the ordinary. 'Come, let's have it,' said a penny-a-liner. 'Now then,' muttered the jailor. But the convict shook his head, and repeated the old story. A phrenologist, who recollected that 'murder will speak with a most miraculous organ,' now felt the devoted head, but was none the wiser. Nothing remained, therefore, but to beg for keepsakes; but as the turnkey, and his wife, and the ladies of quality, and the peers, and the M.P., and the editor, and the exhorters of all denominations, had already received a lock of his hair a piece, the last comers were obliged to put up with a few carrotty clippings. [And all the while, there thou wast, poor old honesty, toiling for a shilling a day, wet or shine, in the fields, and not one Christian man or woman to ask thee for so much as one white hair of thy head!—The last comers, I say, had but a few carrotty clippings, so closely the murderer had been cropped. And in this plight he was led forth to the scaffold, in the gaze of ten thousand sons and daughters of curiosity, in the street, at the windows, and on the house-tops. And a wonderful strange sight it was! For every son and daughter of curiosity had on a pair of Solomon's famous spectacles; and in each ear one of Dr. Scott's renowned cornets, which catch even the ghost of a whisper at a public meeting! And now the last hope rested on Jack Ketch, who took his opportunity while he adjusted the rope. But, after a whisper, even that functionary shook his head, and intimated to the company, in two brief syllables, that it was 'No go.' The criminal, like the weary knife-grinder, had no tale to tell. So, in despair, the ordinary at last began to read the burial-service; when, lo! just as the fatal bolt was about to be drawn, a desperate individual, in a straw hat, a light-blue jacket, striped trousers, and Hessian boots, with an umbrella under his arm, dashed in before the clergyman, and, in hurried accents, put the old question, 'Now or never! why did you do it?' 'Why, then,' said the convict, with an impatient motion of his cropped head, 'I did it—to get my hair cut!'

Not to baulk the same laudable passion in any of our readers, we will not tell a word of another trait of "The Friend in Need," and far

less a syllable of its ending, except that it resembles a play of Shakespeare's—*All's Well, &c.* (A farther notice in our next.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Run through the United States during the Autumn of 1841.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, K.H. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn. Tourists, without any more defined object than pleasure, usually fill up time that would otherwise hang very heavily on their hands, by writing long letters of their travels to their friends. This is the case with Colonel Maxwell, who, in "his run" through the States, made a point of recording in an epistle to his friend S—, all the events, feelings, &c. &c., of each day before he went to bed. He informs S— and us, in his first letter, that, except Christopher Columbus's account of his discovery of America, he has never read any author who has made that country the subject of his lucubrations; that Captains Hall and Marr-yat, Mrs. Trollope and Miss Martineau, might have saved themselves the trouble of writing, as far as the gallant Colonel was concerned; for he never so much as dipped into their volumes. Now we are sorry to say, that this was a matter of more than neglect on the part of Colonel Maxwell; for assuredly, if he had been acquainted with the works of the authors already named, or even with the common newspaper-intelligence of the day, we should have been spared, at least in print, the very long series of letters contained in this work, the interesting materials of which have been discussed threadbare, or entirely superseded by topics of more moment; and yet at the time they were written, they were no doubt very entertaining to the party to whom they were addressed: their publication has been ill-advised. Colonel Maxwell's letters of introduction were of the best kind; and he appears to have been every where treated with civility and attention; and after perusing his book, we think the reader will agree with us, that the Yankees made every thing appear *couleur de rose* to their gallant visitor.

*Cecil a Peer: a Sequel to Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb.* 3 vols. Boone.

CECIL was tiresome as a coxcomb; Cecil is not more agreeable as a peer. Why he should inflict on a good-natured public six volumes of his locuquacy, lively though it be in parts, we are at a loss to imagine. He reminds us of persons we have met, who talk incessantly with very little to say, and are only tolerable when they for a moment forget self. There are, however, here and there in the work, passages which evince talent and cleverness; and the whole displays great facility in writing. The commencement of the present series proves that Cecil, or the author, is quite satisfied with himself, whatever he may be with others; and, in truth, the great popularity of the former publication justifies pride and vanity in the writer.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[Now that the request of M. de Pambour assumes a reasonable form, the length of his reply having been considerably reduced, we willingly insert the following letter. No farther communication, however, on this controversy can be received other than as an advertisement.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In your Number of Sept. 18th last you have published a letter of Mr. Josiah Parkes, to which I made a reply, which appeared in several scientific journals, and was equally presented to you for insertion. I had expected

from your impartiality, that, having published the attack of Mr. Parkes against me, you would also publish my reply,\* although the nature of a scientific discussion did not allow that reply to be as short as I could wish. As, however, you did not consent to insert my paper, may I request of you to publish, instead of it, the following statement, shewing the nature of the controversy, and in what papers my reply is to be found?

In the third volume of the *Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers of London*, Mr. Parkes has published a paper, "On steam-boilers and steam-engines," with the date, London, 1839, given (p. 162) at the end of the paper. In that writing I am attacked, almost without interruption, from page 77 to the end. The alleged inaccuracy of some of my experiments on locomotive engines is presented, under all possible forms, as the necessary consequence of the results obtained by Mr. Parkes, and consigned by him in the tables joined to his paper. It was then incumbent upon me to protest against any conclusions taken from these tables, and to prove that they are, as well as the reasonings of the critic, an uninterrupted series of mistakes and blunders: therefore I made an answer in the introduction to the second edition of my *Treatise on Locomotive Engines*, Weale, 1840; and afterwards published it again, with more details and full references, in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, Sept. 1, 1841; *Surveyor, Engineer, and Architect's Journal*, same date; and *Inventor's Advocate*, Aug. 28, 1841, under the head, "On the momentum proposed by Mr. Josiah Parkes as a measure of the mechanical effect of locomotive engines." The above dates, and the whole subject of my paper, shew sufficiently that it is but a reply to the unfounded strictures of Mr. Parkes, and not an attack against him, as his letter would give it to be understood.

In the paper here alluded to, the following words occur respecting Mr. Parkes: "The author tells us that he is more accustomed to handle the hammer than the pen." But I have since perceived that I had there, by mistake, attributed to the paper of Mr. Parkes, "On steam-boilers and steam-engines," a sentence which I had read in the very useful work of Mr. Armstrong, *On the Boilers of Steam-Engines*, preface, p. xi. Weale, 1839: the two works having come to me at the same time, and being precisely on the same subject, I had made the error of ascribing to the one what in reality belongs to the other. This point is, however, without the least importance, having no reference to the arguments presented in my paper; and I correct it only for the sake of accuracy.

In that paper I have proved that the whole of the tables presented by Mr. Parkes are entirely false; that he has used, in his calculations respecting locomotive engines, velocities which are erroneously averaged, and greatly exaggerated; that he has taken no account of the gravity on the different inclinations of the road traversed by the engines, which changes all the results; that he has omitted altogether the resistance of the air against the train; that he has wrongly calculated the pressure and volume of the steam in the cylinder; that he has made an erroneous computation of the pressure occasioned by the blast-pipe; that he has "tested" the experiments by a false principle, grounded upon his confusion between

the vaporisation effected in traversing a given distance and the vaporisation effected in a given time; that his *momentum*, by which he proposes to measure the mechanical effect of locomotive-engines, contains a new mistake, in supposing the whole train carried up in the air, instead of being dragged or rolled along the rails, so that the effects of the locomotive engines, calculated in that way, amount to 12,019 horses, to 5862 horses, to 21,668 horses, &c.! And those errors pervade the whole of his paper, and affect every one of his results: therefore I was quite justified to say, in my refutation, that Mr. Parkes heaps errors on errors, combining and complicating them unawares, till he arrives at a point where he does not produce a single result that is not erroneous.

To this paper, Mr. Parkes replied by the letter inserted in your Number of Sept. 18th last. In that communication he did not deny the correctness of my arguments, but accused me of having misrepresented his sentiments, and attributed to him opinions which were not his. Nothing was more easy for me than to shew the weakness of this subterfuge, since I had only to copy the words of Mr. Parkes from his own paper. It is what I have done in my reply, which was first presented to you for insertion, and was since published in the *Mining Journal*, Oct. 30th; and in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, and to appear in the *Inventor's Advocate*. In this paper every one of my arguments is made good by the very words of Mr. Parkes, and therefore my refutation of his strictures acquires more force than ever. It is there proved, that in no instance whatever have the sentiments of Mr. Parkes been misrepresented; and, besides, that it is not upon sentiments, but upon facts, tables, and figures, that the fallacy of the whole paper of Mr. Parkes is established.

I have named the scientific journals in which the different papers relative to this controversy are to be found, so that every one in recurring to them may form a precise opinion on the subject; therefore I think it unnecessary to add anything further. Only, now that I have fully established that I have not misrepresented the sentiments of Mr. Parkes, it would be very easy for me, and completely justifiable, to make some remarks respecting the extraordinary expressions used in his letter, to support by words what he could not support by arguments; but, not to enter into a system of personalities quite unworthy of a scientific discussion, and which I have determined entirely to avoid, I shall abstain from presenting any observation on that point, leaving every one to make his own opinion upon the letter of Mr. Parkes.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,  
London, Oct. 30, 1841. G. DE PAMBOUR.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

By the *Dædalus*, Captain Martin, just arrived from the coast of Africa, the most recent accounts and many letters have been received from the Niger Expedition. Led by the Soudan, it entered the Nunn branch of the river between the 13th and 15th of August; and the following extracts of various communications have been made public.

"Prince Albert, Aug. 18th.

"We are now anchored above Alburkah Island, having passed over the shallow part of the narrow creek, where we had 14 feet water, with the *Amelia* tender in tow; the Wilberforce and Soudan come up to-morrow

morning. There is one coloured man in the *Albert*, and another in the *Wilberforce*, who have the African fever; but the symptoms are favourable: both these men were West Indian negroes, and entered the ships in England. With these exceptions, I am happy to say, the officers and men of the expedition are quite well."

A letter from another gentleman, dated on board the *Albert*, the 19th of August, says:—"We entered this river on the 14th. The health of the whole expedition has been all along very good, considering the number engaged in it, and any illness of consequence which has occurred has been almost exclusively confined to the black men. In the *Albert* we have unfortunately lost two men, one named Johnston, a white, fell from the foreyard-arm during our passage from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast, and died two hours after the accident, from injury to the brain; the other was Mr. Back, the mathematical instrument-maker, who was attacked on the 9th inst. with symptoms of fever of a low typhoid kind. It appears he had been suffering for some time from dyspepsia; and this attack supervening upon a constitution previously debilitated, proved fatal on the 15th: there evidently was nothing local in the cause of his death."

A letter from the chaplain to the expedition, dated the 18th of August, says, "all the officers and people of the whole squadron enjoy at present perfect health."

From letters to the date of the 20th of August, the whole of the losses sustained appear to have been three from casualties during the voyage, which, with two coloured men and one European—the latter not from African fever—comprises the entire loss of life sustained by the expedition from the time of its quitting England to the 20th of August. The total number employed is about 300 persons.

The naturalists and other scientific gentlemen attached to the expedition have made good use of the opportunity wherever they have "touched," and added some interesting specimens to our Flora, &c.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 8.—W. R. Hamilton, F.R.S., president, in the chair. 1. This being the first meeting of the session, the secretary reported that 185 donations had been made to the library during the recess, among which were many very valuable works, maps, and charts, of which the more important were specified.

2. Attention was then called to Captain James Clark Ross's antarctic voyage, and the gallant captain's successful approach to within less than 12° of the pole; together with the very approximate determination of the position of the south magnetic pole. Although the details of this voyage had already been before the public—(*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1287)—it was the most important geographical labour which had been performed during the recess of the society, and as such could not be passed over in silence on the present occasion.

3. Extracts of letters from correspondents abroad were next read. Dr. Martius of Munich regrets that the Brazilian government have hitherto taken so little pains to lay down accurately the most interesting portions of their country. "With regard to the southern parts of the province of Pernambuco," the Doctor observes, "such neglect is hardly excusable; for were I to point out a country for a European colony in the Brazils, I would choose that part of Pernambuco which lies behind the Rio de

\* Our objection was not only to its length, but that it was a pre-reply, and had been published in several periodicals before Mr. Parkes wrote to us.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*



San Francisco, a river whose navigation is interrupted only at one spot (at Paulo Alphonzo's Cataract), and which would be of immense advantage if turned to account by the industrial power of an enlightened people." Dr. Martius announces that his highness the royal prince of Bavaria has established a premium for the best memoir on the geography of plants and vegetable statistics of the kingdom (of Bavaria), and, besides other important works, has set on foot a geological survey of the country.

4. Colonel Visconti, in a letter from Naples of the 24th July, announces that the Emperor of Austria had authorised the construction and publication of a map of the whole of Italy, on a scale of 1:1,000,000; that for this purpose the co-operation of Naples had been solicited and granted; and that the details of the Neapolitan geodesical operations would be communicated to the Royal Geographical Society.

5. Consul Brant, at Erzurum, states that Dr. Grant, the American missionary, has lately repassed through that city, on his way to establish a mission at Julamerk, in the Hekerieh mountains; and that he is to have two assistants, who go through Mosul to join him. Dr. Forbes had written from Teheran on the 29th March. He was going to Mesched, but did not know how he could advance beyond it; as, since our mission quitted Herat, that road was closed to him. Consul Brant offers, both personally and through his vice-consuls at Mosul, at Sam-sun, at Batoom, and at Trebizond, to communicate to the society any geographical information they may require from their countries.

6. General Don Juan de Orbegoso, at Mexico, informs the society that the present minister of war, Don Juan Nepomuceno Almonte, full of zeal for the advancement of geographical and statistical knowledge, has established a commission for the purpose of drawing up a military, geographical, and statistical account of Mexico, the result of whose labours are published successively in the government gazette of the country; which he (the general) sends for the society's library.

7. A most interesting letter was then read, being one from our late lamented artist Sir David Wilkie to his friend Mr. John Harvey. This letter is dated Jerusalem, 8th March; and if not the only one, is certainly the last purely scientific letter of Sir David Wilkie. Mr. Harvey being at Constantinople, and unable to proceed himself into Syria, had lent his barometer to Sir David, with the request that he would observe its indication at the level of the Dead Sea, in order to a further verification of the fact of the great depression of that sea below the level of the ocean. Sir David accordingly made many observations on the coast of the Mediterranean, at Jaffa, at Jerusalem, and at the Dead Sea; and also in the mountains. The letter being read, the secretary said, it was much to be regretted that these observations were not sufficiently complete to enable us to make from them a rigorous calculation of the actual depression of the Dead Sea below the level of the Mediterranean, inasmuch as there were no corresponding observations, and no indications of a detached thermometer. Nevertheless, by taking 30 inches for the mean height of the barometer at the level of the sea, 12° 8' centigrade for the mean temperature, and by supposing a detached thermometer shewing the same temperature as the attached thermometer, and working the formula with these data for the upper station, and Sir David's data for the lower station (the Dead Sea),—the result is, that the depression of the latter is 1198.76 feet, which differs but slightly

from former observations. And although, as has been said, the calculations from Sir David Wilkie's observations cannot be regarded as exact, they certainly corroborate, in a manner sufficiently satisfactory, the results obtained by others, to convince us that the Dead Sea is certainly depressed below the Mediterranean more than 1000 feet. The remarkable fact, nevertheless, still requires further corroboration to satisfy our minds completely; and it is much to be desired that this interesting question were finally settled, which might easily be done by any traveller, who, being competent to observe, shall be furnished with good instruments, and who will take care to obtain corresponding observations.

8. A paper from Major Rawlinson, dated Kandahar, was the next subject to which the attention of the meeting was called. Major Rawlinson states, that he has discovered, at a place called Shaheer-i-Gokeek, the ancient city of Arachosia. He is also of opinion, that the town of Kandahar was anciently the Greek Alexandria or Alexandropolis, and was quite distinct from Arachosia. He also thinks that Zamin Dawer, where there are the ruins of a noble city, may be the Tazora of the Pentagrian Tables; but the subject, he says, is a difficult one. The Helmand, the Hermandus or Etymander, of the ancients, presents, says Major Rawlinson, a noble field for comparative geography, in which he hopes to make some interesting discoveries. Beyham is certainly the Alexandria ad Caucasum, which was re-edified by Eucratides, and thence called Eucratidia. Perwan Durreh, where the last action was fought with Dost Mohamed, is the Capissa of Pliny. Cabul is, beyond all doubt, Ortospa. To the southward of the Hindoo Koosh, Major Rawlinson has also identified many places, and illustrated the subject of the tribe of Abira. Mansoorah, which Major Rawlinson had, in a former letter to the society, mentioned as being near the lake Mansoor, arose out of the ruins of a city called Brahmanabad, hitherto placed, strangely enough, near the sea. After mentioning a few more facts of comparative geography, Maj. Rawlinson adds, that the accumulation of materials of positive geography in Upper Asia is going on steadily and satisfactorily.

9. The last paper of the evening was a communication from Mr. W. Earle, dated Vittoria, July 13. Mr. Earle says: "We are all in the best of health. The weather of late has been so cold that we have been obliged to wear cloth clothes, and sit before fires of evenings. We felt a slight shock of an earthquake at 11 A.M., June 30th; it lasted about a minute and a half: the natives state that they are not uncommon; they say that it is caused by the Malays dancing. What on earth can they mean? As the S.E. monsoon has set in, we have no arrivals of ships except from Sydney. The last packet sailed on the 4th May: we had fourteen in all during the N.W. monsoon. The people were all content on the profit they got on their rice, sugar, &c.; in fact we purchased all they brought, except the investment of one Bughis merchant, who brought a quantity of sarongs, or Malay cloths, of exquisite manufacture, but far dearer than English cottons, as the former are made by hand, and last an immense time. He sold a considerable quantity, however; and the women are sporting gowns made from it. A number of Chinese are preparing to come from Macassar next year. Until we have them, we shall do nothing of consequence. They would have been here long ago, had we had any communication with Singapore, which is almost the only place in India the Alliga-

tor has not visited. You know that I said from the first that Singapore was the spot on which we were to depend for support, and every day confirms this opinion. I trust Sir Gordon (Bremer) has been there, as, in that case, we shall have both Europeans and Chinese settlers during the next monsoon, although the former would rather stay until something is fixed respecting the sale of land. I think we shall have several Dutch vessels from Java during the next season, as one that was here lately obtained some fine turtle-shell from the Prahees. The Prahees not unfrequently fall victims to the Lanun pirates; but this circumstance does not damp the adventurous spirit of the former. The natives of the interior are far different from the natives of the coast, and perhaps will be found to be Arafeeras. This is a point we must clear up soon, although it will be attended with some danger, for, like the Arafeeras of New Guinea and Timor, they avoid strangers with the most ridiculous anxiety. The natives about us are looked upon as savages by the people of the interior. All the clothes, iron, axes, &c. that the natives of the coast have taken from us goes into the interior; and I cannot discover that they get any thing in exchange but spears, and perhaps food. The Macassars, although nearly all the natives on the coast speak their language, know even less about the natives than we do. Nearly all the words made use of by the natives in speaking with us are Macassarese. The natives of Australia can pronounce neither the letter *s* nor the letter *f*. This would lead us to suppose that the Australians cannot be of the oceanic race, as some have thought them to be. We get on famously with the natives. M'Arthur manages them well. They pilfer occasionally; for which they are punished with a caning, or a confinement of a week in irons: the latter they consider as the greatest punishment, and often ask to be *kujelli* (cudgelled), and turned drift. The natives themselves sometimes bring in the offenders, after coming to an understanding that they are not to be *bung* (shot), of which they have the greatest dread since the affair at Bowen's Strait, when Raffles Bay colony was founded. The Macassars, I find, sometimes put them to death for having been engaged in attacks on them; nevertheless many natives visit Macassar annually, chiefly from Carpentaria, where the people are described as being far milder than our natives of the Coburg peninsula. The natives of the south side of the peninsula, which is not visited by the Prahees, go over every year to Trempang Bay to have a fight with the Bughis, and generally lose a man or two for their pains.

"The Dutch are on the move about us. Our settling here has, I presume, aroused them from their lethargy. They have attacked Sandal-wood Island, and intend making it a Dutch colony. The capital is to be on the banks of a river at the north-east end of the island; and the resident of Timor will remove to it, making it the seat of government of the islands. The population of Sandal-wood Island is very large, and the natives bear great resemblance to the Javanese, not only in personal appearance, but in their habits and mode of life. Horses and cattle are in great abundance; the former being much esteemed for their bottom. The land is tilled by the plough, drawn by bullocks, not buffaloes. Their mode of culture, and every thing appertaining to it, resembles that of Java. A very large portion of the country is cultivated; and I can myself bear witness to its beauty, having passed along the south-east coast in the Alligator.

"The Dutch found a claim on Sandal-wood Island on the following grounds. The rajah of Savu (an island within sight of Sandal-wood to the eastward, visited by Cook and King), some years ago formed a settlement on the south-east point of Sandal-wood, which he was enabled to maintain, owing to a superior knowledge in the art of war, on the part of his people, to that of the natives. As the Dutch claim an authority over the rajah of Savu, who has a settlement on Sandal-wood, they assume a right of settlement of that settlement, and thence of the entire island. In 1839 the people of Ende, on the island of Flores, having disputed the right of the Dutch to control them, were attacked by an armed force, and obliged to sue for peace. As a reimbursement of the expenses of the war, the chiefs of Ende agreed to reduce Sandal-wood Island for the Dutch; an enjoyment rather than a task, as the Ende's people, who are more warlike than the others, would be enriched by the plunder of their more industrious and peaceful neighbours. They are now busily employed in desolating Sandal-wood, under the command of a son of the Sultan Pontianak, in Borneo, who had been banished by the Dutch to Timor, for some political offence. The Dutch know well that it is much easier, both by reason of the nature of the two islands and the character of their inhabitants, to keep Sandal-wood Island in subjection than Timor. This affair I consider as being of much importance to British interests. Sandal-wood is so near Australia, that we cannot view with indifference its occupation by our great commercial rival in this part of the world. Fort Du Bris, in New Guinea, has been abandoned, and the settlement removed to Ceram. The Lanún pirates, from Magindano, have come to the southward in great numbers this year; they assemble chiefly about the islands east of Java. The Macassars say it is owing to all the English men of war having gone to China. They certainly hold us in great dread. We shall be able to obtain abundance of lands, when we require them, at a very trifling expense. The gardens are flourishing beautifully, affording us plenty of vegetables. In point of productiveness, our soil will not lose by comparison with that of any country in the Archipelago."

Among other visitors of distinction at the evening meeting, we observed the Venezuelan minister, who must have felt gratified by the very honourable mention made of Colonel Codazzi's important survey of Venezuela, which had just been completed, after ten years' indefatigable labour, under the auspices of the Venezuelan government.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 5.—Mr. H. C. Watson in the chair. Numerous donations to the library, herbarium, and museum, were announced; and the following paper, "On *Polystichum aculeatum* and *P. lobatum*," by Mr. G. H. K. Thwaites, corresponding member, was read.

Much difference of opinion exists among botanists respecting these ferns, as to whether they are distinct species, or only varieties. The author conceives that the characteristics of difference hitherto described are liable to be so extremely modified by various degrees of altitude, moisture, light, exposure, &c. of situation, that thence has arisen the doubt of their separate specific individuality. He has therefore sought some more constant distinctive character than the outline of the frond or of the pinnæ and pinnule presents; and he has, by careful examination, been fortunate enough to discover

a difference of "venation" in the two species, which he thus described.

In examining the fronds of *P. aculeatum*, it may be noticed that the veins which bear thecae are not continued, like the rest of the veins, to the edge of the pinnule, but each terminates either at its mass of theca, or at a very little distance beyond it. The same thing is not observable in *P. lobatum* (when mature); for the corresponding veins in this are each continued through its mass of theca to the very edge of the pinnule; and even in the fronds of immature plants of this species, when there is but little fructification, the same character is perceptible in the pinnule nearest the base of the pinnæ or of the frond—the parts which in ferns exhibit most strikingly all the characters of maturity: in a few of the terminal pinnule some of these veins do not reach the edge.

It must not be concealed that in *P. aculeatum*, in an extremely few instances (being just what might be expected), is a slight indication discoverable of a theciferous vein being continued to the edge of the pinnule; but in this the appearance is very different from the decided character observable in *P. lobatum*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the season took place on Tuesday; Mr. Gutch, the treasurer, in the chair. A communication from Mr. Tatem, of High Wycombe, compared the quantity of rain which has fallen within the last four months with the corresponding months during the last eighteen years, and the excess was no less than six inches.

#### PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 9, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of Nov. 2.—M. Arago communicated an account of some improvements in a portable machine, made by himself, for measuring the polarisation of light. He explained that by means of this instrument great facilities for making observations on the nature of the atmosphere, on clouds, &c., would be afforded to persons who might ascend in balloons for that purpose.—M. Coladon sent in to the Academy a paper on a new method of measuring the power of steam-engines, particularly those used in ships. His method was an improvement on the dynamometer of M. de Prony.—M. Triger communicated some curious effects of the compression of air, witnessed in an apparatus which he had invented for sinking shafts of coal-pits in the Maine-et-Loire, where compressed air was used for keeping out the water filtering through beds of sand. The immediate effect produced on the workmen, on passing from the open air into that compressed to three atmospheres, was pain in the ears, more or less strong; but this soon ceased. A great acceleration of combustion was witnessed—tallow candles with metal wicks being obliged to be used instead of those with cotton, which were consumed much too quickly, and gave out an intolerable smoke. It was observed that, when the pressure was taken off the air, great cold was experienced, and the air itself became converted instantly into a thick fog or cloud. The workmen found that their voices were much more feeble in the compressed than in the open air, and that they could not whistle. It was also much easier for them to go up steps of ladders in the compressed than in the open air, their breathing being more free; and one of the men who had been deaf ever since the siege of Antwerp, was able to hear distinctly while in the compressed air.—Baron von Humboldt presented to the Academy from M.

Ehrenberg, of Berlin, specimens of the argillaceous and peaty formation found beneath the city of Berlin, at twenty feet under the surface. It was full of small infusorial animals, all alive, with living ovaries, and capable of reproduction. He had discovered similar formations in other parts of Prussia; and he mentioned as a curious fact that, of 1,728,000 cubic feet of matter taken out of the port of Swinemunde, on the Baltic, in 1840, one-half of it was composed of microscopic beings. The sandy plains of the Lamburg contained strata of fossil infusoria twenty-eight feet thick.

M. Scholz, director of the Observatory at Breslau, was unfortunately killed a short time since by the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece while on a shooting-party.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 4.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—T. Garratt, Trin. Coll.; J. H. Buxton, Queen's Coll.; C. W. Goodwin, Cath. Hall; E. T. May, Jesus Coll.; A. W. Lane, Calus College.  
*Bachelor of Arts*.—H. P. Wright, St. Peter's College.  
Mr. Champnes, M.A., of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

Mr. J. A. Lawson, LL.B., has been elected to the Whateley professorship of political economy in Trinity College, Dublin.

##### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

THE introductory lecture to the course on the principles of civil engineering at this college was delivered on Wednesday, by Professor Vignoles. We understand that this is the first attempt to establish here a distinct class for the students of this profession; doubtless it will be a numerous one, for the attainments requisite for an engineer (in a strict professional sense), mathematics, practical chemistry, economic geology, &c., are interesting to others than those entering the profession. Professor Vignoles' manner is impressive, and his delivery clear and suitable for the teacher.

In the course of the lecture, as instances of recent important inventions, the professor alluded to the enormous reflecting telescope of Lord Oxmantown (now Earl of Rosse); the arrangement of Mr. C. Wye Williams to prevent the generation of smoke in engine-grates, &c.; and the application of atmospheric pressure to locomotion. The latter he stated to be the most important invention of the day, the consequence of which it was impossible to tell: all attempts hitherto have been in vain; but now efforts had been successful. He did not name the inventors.

*Professor Blackie*.—This distinguished translator of *Faust*, and otherwise highly accomplished scholar, has commenced his labours as Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen; from which he had been some time debarred, in consequence of a conscientious scruple on his part in regard to signing the Confession of Faith, and which brought upon him the opposition of the presbytery. These differences of opinion being happily appeased, we learn from the *Aberdeen Herald*, which gives a report of them, that the learned professor's first two lectures, "on the study of language and style," and "on the systems of education in Scottish and English universities," were of a very stirring description, and excited a strong sensation. In the former his remarks are extremely cogent and just; in the latter he is most favourable to the practices of his native land, and far from complimentary to the course pursued at Oxford. He praises the Germans

as the greatest scholars; and is enthusiastic in his admiration of Greek literature. There may, possibly, be some natural partialities in his views; but there is much eloquence in his language, and much substance worthy of note in his matter.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

This society held its first meeting on Saturday the 6th, under the presidency of the director, Professor Wilson. The valuable accessions to the society's library and museum which had accumulated during the vacation were laid upon the table, among which we observed several splendid Persian MSS., bequeathed by N. B. Edmonstone, Esq.; and a large number of Turkish and Persian works, both MS. and printed, the bequest of the late General Thomas Gordon.

In presenting a sculptured stone from the ruins of Gau-al-Kebir, in Upper Egypt, the donor, Lieutenant Newbold, stated, in a letter which was read to the meeting, that it was one of the last three stones remaining of the magnificent ruins recently existing at that place, the rest having been destroyed by the officers of the pasha, who, though surrounded by lofty cliffs of the very stone of which these temples were built, were in the incessant practice of demolishing those stupendous monuments, rather than give themselves the small additional trouble of hewing fresh stone from the quarry. Lieutenant Newbold gave it as his decided opinion, that these practices were not countenanced by the pasha, and that a simple representation of the facts to his highness, emanating from any of the learned bodies of Europe, would be sufficient to save from destruction these valuable remains, which had been spared by the conquering armies of Persia, Greece, and Rome; and which had escaped, with but little damage, from the misdirected zeal of the early Christian converts, and the bigotry of the more recent Mussulman possessors of the country.

The subject was taken into the serious consideration of the meeting; and it was proposed that a letter should be addressed to the pasha, as a member of the society, urging upon him the interest taken in the monuments by the antiquaries of Europe, and the regret with which they have heard of their gradual disappearance. After some conversation on the subject, it was unanimously determined that such a letter should be written to the pasha; and we understood that it would be done with as little delay as convenient.

This discussion, the presentation of so many articles, and the balloting for six new members, occupied the whole of the time allotted; and the next meeting was announced for the 20th instant.

#### THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

We have been favoured with the proceedings from January 25 to June 14; and find them of a value, scientific and literary, highly honourable to the institution. Among other communications of much interest is one from Dr. Luby, of an autograph letter from the Rev. Charles Wolfe (post-mark Sept. 6, 1816) to his friend Mr. John Taylor, at Clonoulty, Cashel; and containing a complete copy of his "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore." This proof, if any had been wanting, to refute the absurd surmises and foolish claims about this noble composition, would set them at rest for ever; and it is also precious, as giving correctly the author's own version, which has been strangely deformed in copies and translations.

A fac-simile is published as part of the transactions.

Irish and classical antiquities, chemistry, mechanics, &c. &c., are all ably illustrated in other papers; of which we propose making some use in future *Gazettes*.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

*Saturday*.—Royal Botanic, this day, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, this day, 8 P.M.

*Monday*.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

*Tuesday*.—Electrical, 8 P.M.; Linnean, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, half-past 8 P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

*Friday*.—Botanical, 8 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### DAGUERRETYPE AND ELECTROTYPE.

OUR Paris letter (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1293) contained an account of the use of the bromure in lieu of the chlorure of iodine for photography, and of the extraordinarily rapid and beautiful results obtained by M. Gaudin. This new material has since been employed with equal success by M. Claudet at the Adelaide Gallery, and a great and striking improvement is evident in the specimens exhibited for inspection. The old and serious looks, the stern frown, the fixed stare, in the first portraits, have given place to smiles and to natural and pleasing expression, and stiff attitudes to ease and grace. In less than a second of time the impression is complete! Indeed, on a favourable day an almost instantaneous effect is produced. After adjustment, the mere opening and immediate closing of the camera, is sufficient for the operation:—the portrait or copy is there, most lifelike and true, when brought to view by the mercury-fumes; most lifelike in expression and most true in form, but still of hue more or less metallic. And this, we think, must ever be. We are not sanguine—indeed, we cannot conceive the possibility of the production of colours by the process. There are many reasons for this opinion; but we will reserve them until we write an essay on the art. With the exception of colour, however, photography is making rapid strides to perfection. Some of M. Claudet's productions are beautiful beyond description. With this highly sensitive compound, he has succeeded in daguerreotyping by means of the oxy-hydrogen light, with equal minuteness, delicacy, and truth, as with day-light. In conjunction with the daguerreotype, we must say a few words on the electrotype. If possible, the transfer of the picture to the precipitated copper is more curious than the heliograph itself. In the latter, the effect is said to be due to a surface of silver and mercury. By making it the positive pole of a voltaic circle, as we have seen, according to Mr. Grove's method, the one metal is more readily attacked than the other; lines or indents are quickly eaten out, and of sufficient depth to print from; although as yet we have seen only faint specimens, shewing, however, all the minute details of the original. When for electrotyping the daguerreotype has been arranged as the negative pole, nothing is taken from it, no lines are formed, but a metallic covering is given to it by precipitation of the copper from the metallic solution. This covering may be of any thickness at pleasure; and when removed, it affords an accurate copy of the portrait, but now a positive picture, as the term is, with lights and shades, right arms and left arms, according to nature. The curious part of the inquiry is, what produces

the effect on the copper? There can be no lines as in an engraving. And the daguerreotype is said to lose nothing by the close contact of the copper. But this we doubt. For we conceive, that to every electrotype copy the daguerreotype imparts a film of itself; and that by repeating the process, the latter would become fainter and fainter, until the picture were entirely effaced. We may say here, that the production of the electrotype copy does not depend at all on the sensitiveness of the preparation of the photographic plates; a like result would be obtained from a daguerreotype, whether simple iodine, or the bromure or chlorure, had been originally employed. Both processes are replete with scientific interest.

#### THE GLASGOW WELLINGTON.

We intended this week to offer some observations upon the apparent determination of the majority of the Glasgow Committee (which we trust the general body of subscribers may yet have opportunity and spirit to repudiate) to commit the execution of this peculiarly national work to a foreign baron, and, we believe, an amateur artist. The fruitless proceedings of a minority to obtain a reversal of this disgraceful sentence merit a warm public eulogium; but neither strength of argument, nor fact, nor right feeling on the subject, have the slightest effect upon the dominant party, who seem, on the contrary, to act the mere part of partisans wedded to foregone conclusions, and not to be moved from their expressed opinions. At the meeting (see last *Lit. Gaz.*) Mr. Stirling, Mr. M'Lellan, and their eight companions, were outvoted by more than double their number; but we confess that, on reading the speeches and reasonings, we are utterly at a loss to conceive on what grounds. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, alone can explain it.

With some information of our own, and some of the statements made by the opponents to the measure, we shall endeavour to throw some light upon it, though less at length than we had proposed to ourselves to do.

The instructions to the artists invited to compete, *inter alia*, required "that an absolute identification of the person, features, and expression of the Duke of Wellington in the prime of his life, in the statue to be erected of his grace in this city, is expected by the subscribers, and will form its chief value in the eyes of posterity."

Baron Marochetti has had one sitting of the Duke a quarter of a century after the battle of Waterloo; and thus, besides the general disqualification of foreigners to seize the character and expression of national features with which they never have been familiar, he labours under a peculiar want of acquaintance with his subject; and his model, in reality, neither represents the hero in person nor likeness. The model was a miserable abortion, patched up with inches of cobbler's wax here and there, under the direction of Mr. Bankes, and was, by the friends of the baron, judiciously dismissed from Glasgow, rather than submitted to the inspection of the meeting. We have heard from authority, on which we place confidence, that the Duke is rather horrified at his own *caput mortuum*.

The baron is evidently ambitious of a fame in Britain. He sent, we understand, a design for the Nelson monument in London; but seeing the others that surrounded it—and, Heaven knows, few of them were great things—he modestly, if not prudently, withdrew it; just as the



Glasgow Convenor withdrew the ideal Wellington in little.

But come we from the rider to the horse, a *mane* portion of an equestrian group. Is it supposed that the inspiration of genius can enable this favoured competitor, at one glance, to see, and comprehend, and faithfully to represent all the beauties of an English horse? Ask the Jockey Club\* how many men in England really understand the horse, although they may have studied it all their lives? The baron is evidently ignorant of the animal even in its general anatomy, and knows as little, or if possible less, of the points of an English blood-horse, as he does of the countenance and person of the Duke of Wellington in the prime of life.

For the present we shall conclude with a reference to the baron's plagiarisms. The horse of Emmanuel Philibert was a plagiarism; and the statue of King Charles, at Charing Cross, has supplied the idea for a later act of the same kind. And yet this is the foreign gentleman proclaimed by the majority of the Glasgow committee to be an artist of acknowledged European fame, so high that he is the fit and proper person to erect a statue of the Duke of Wellington before all the sculptors of Great Britain! We do not believe that such another insult was ever offered to native art and genius, to truth, to patriotism, and to taste and judgment.

#### THE WILKIE MONUMENT.

We are well pleased to find that Sir Francis Chantrey (the old friend and executor of Sir David Wilkie) is engaged, by the appointed committee, in modelling a whole-length statue, to be erected to his memory, most likely in the National Gallery, as suggested at the meeting of the subscribers; and that the fund is more than ample for the production of such a work. We have heard a fine bust of Wilkie by Joseph spoken of as very like him; but whether Sir Francis has availed himself of any hint from that, or designs from his own materials, portraits and recollections, we do not know: whichever it may be, we confidently anticipate a striking figure and characteristic resemblance from our eminent sculptor's art. But we advert to the subject now, rather for the sake of throwing out a hint, which, we trust, will be acted upon; viz. to apply the surplus-money to the foundation of two ANNUAL WILKIE MEDALS, engraved with his head, to be awarded in London and Edinburgh to the best painting of the year in each city, in the style of our too-soon-lost and lamented genius. Such a commemoration of him will not only establish his name in constant occurrence for ever, but be a great and direct encouragement to the cultivation of a high and national school, in which moral sentiment and the habits of the people are inculcated and preserved. This is what ought to be done; and we hope it will be speedily announced to be done.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

*Royal Academy.*—On the 1st, Mr. J. Rogers Herbert, Mr. J. Watson Gordon, and Mr. Patrick M'Dowell, were elected associates.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

At the present hour, when the nation is ebullient with rejoicings on the auspicious birth of a male heir to the crown, the following holograph letter from her late majesty, Queen Charlotte (which is in our possession), can hardly

\* Mr. Howden, an excellent judge, and writer on the subject, very forcibly expressed this folly in his letter to Mr. Dalglish; but it had no avail.

fail to interest the public. It relates, also, to the birth of a royal infant, the last of that illustrious family it was her lot to bear; and breathes a kindness and consideration for the personal welfare of a high officer of the court, which reflects honour on her character. Its simplicity of expression and its style, remembering that the queen was German by birth and education, will please the reader. The date refers it, as we have observed, to the youngest child of the royal race, the Princess Amelia. It is written throughout in her majesty's own hand, roundly and firmly, on note-paper, with watermark lines for straight writing; and, like all kingly correspondence, begins at the top, and has the signature close at the end. We copy it, exactly in the form of the original.

"Lord Guildford. I hope the Country Air has been more beneficial to You during this very uncommon warm Weather, as You seemed to suffer so much when I saw You last in Town. I shall now establish myself for good at Windsor until my Month is up, & therefore desire Lord Guildford not to think of coming himself next Month, but let Mr. Mathias come as usual in the Country. The Usual Sum for my lying in will I think not be Necessary till then, but should it happen Sooner any directions from You to Mr. Mathias will be sufficient to have it in readiness whenever I call for it.

We have the finest Rain here ever since four o'clock this Morning. I hope You have Your share of it also, as I am sure You must Relish it as well as we do.

"N. L. Windsor,  
the 16th July,  
1783."

Charlotte.

The last two lines, date,\* and signature, are on the second page.

To those who like to see such documents, our publisher will be happy to shew the original.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

#### VARIETIES.

*Distress of Printers.*—An appeal on behalf of a number (alas, too great!) of industrious men employed in the business of printing, many of them with families dependent upon them for daily food, will be found among our advertisements; and we earnestly beg to draw the public attention to it. In the midst of the benevolence of England, and in the very centre of the charities of the metropolis, it is, we trust, impossible that their cry shall not be heard. They are workmen above the ordinary intelligence and feeling of their class; their employment is of a wearying and exhausting nature; they are willing to labour, but, owing we trust to a temporary depression, there is little or no labour for them to perform. What are they to do; or what are we in a Christian community to do for them? There are laudable and generous subscriptions on every hand for distant sufferers, for unfortunate foreigners; for busts, and statues, and testimonials, and monuments—all

\* In this royally eventful year, besides a complete change of ministry, on the 3d of May died Prince Octavius, aged 44 years, the youngest of their majesties' sons. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., attained his majority of 21 years, and (June 25) the House of Commons voted 60,000*l.* for his separate establishment, the king taking on himself the whole of his annual expenses. Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., arrived from the West Indies, and proceeded on his travels to Germany. And on the 7th of August, three weeks after the letter was written, Queen Charlotte was delivered of a princess at the "N. L." (New Lodge) at Windsor, where, we have no doubt, Mr. Mathias was ready with the ready money.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

deserving of support in their kind; but we unhesitatingly declare, that none have such claims upon our sympathies, as the calamitous situation of these our meritorious and sorely tried fellow-citizens and fellow-creatures. A vague notion has been entertained, that some of them may have belonged to unions which exercised tyrannical powers towards their employers and over their own members. If so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously have they answered for it. But even the mistaken are now too humbled to provoke resentment; and it would be monstrous to punish the mass for the errors of a part. No; let our ambition be, instead of casting the first stone, to cast the first contribution into the fund for the relief of these starving artisans!

*Pooloo.*—What odd, out-of-the-way names are given to every-day useful things! Of this, a cement for uniting broken china, marble, and other articles constantly liable to breakage in families, is an instance. The patentees have submitted a specimen of it to us for trial; and we are bound to say that its properties are really of a superior order. It resists moisture and heat; and the glass and earthenware, where joined together by it, are as firm as the whole pieces. We have not applied it to wood or jewellery; but have no doubt that, as the inventors declare, it is equally available for the remedy of accidents in these materials. It may seem trivial to notice such novelties; but when we consider how much of economy and comfort depends upon them, we shall be ready to grant that they are often more deserving of regard than many discoveries of far higher pretensions.

*The Polish Ball* on Wednesday, besides repeating all the splendour which attended the grand civic banquet on the Lord Mayor's day, is, we hear, to be "assisted" by the musical talent of Adelaide Kemble. A concert will be added to the ball—a rare combination of dance, music, and philanthropy.

*Signor Babaja*, the celebrated impresario and wealthy lessee of continental operatic theatres, died recently at Naples, at the age of 61.

*A new farce* at Covent Garden, called the *Wrong Man*, was so far wrong, that we shall not open our dramatic critique for it. *Norma* fills the theatre thrice a week.

*Royal Punning.*—The jubilant is generally addicted to the jocular; and it is not wonderful that a multitude of jests are sported upon a late happy event. Among the best we have heard is the revival of the worthy old quare, why the heir-apparent was born Duke of Cornwall?—Because he was a minor; and an entirely new bit—(for it could not be old, the circumstance never having happened before!)—Why, when made, his patent passed, the Prince of Wales would be like a twin?—Because, on this occasion, he would be the second creation of his mother!

*The Warwick Arms!*—A private person, but of a noble name, and withal rather morose in his family, took it into his head lately to have the Warwick arms engraved upon a seal. These he exultingly shewed his wife as his own; and she meekly observed—"Nothing could be better, my love; for you are the bear, and the children are the ragged staff."

*How to dress Fish suitably* (not in Mrs. Glass).—At table where a wit was dining the other day, a pair of soles were served up pretty well smeared with soot. "What could cook be thinking about (murmured the hostess) when she dressed these soles?" "I daresay," said her guest, "she thought the soles were the upper leather, and so she blacked them!"

*Shooting-stars.*—Last night and the night of this day form the period for the recurrence of shooting-stars; and should the weather be clear, the heavens will be well worth watching, even without the aid of astronomical instruments.

*Floating Breakwaters of Timber.*—An advertisement in our after-columns lays before the public the prospectus of a company formed to bring this important invention into national use; and so clearly explains the subject, which was much discussed in the mechanical section of the British Association at Plymouth, that we shall at present content ourselves with calling particular attention to it. "If sooth" and we hear of no overwhelming objections, there cannot be a doubt but that the adoption of the plans recommended would be an inestimable blessing to the country in the saving of life and property. We shall return to the subject.

*Gathering of Sherwood Worthies.*—The *Sheffield Iris* contains a long account of a literary meeting of the artisans and peasants of Sherwood Forest, at Edwinstow, on Wednesday week. From the eloquent and enthusiastic speeches made, it seems to have been altogether a striking scene; and though we are not sufficiently acquainted with the locality, and those who are distinguished in it, to feel the full force of the allusions, we gather yet enough from the gathering to be much pleased with the warm sentiments of attachment to country and compatriots with which the speeches abounded. Of the poets honourable mention was made—the dead commemorated, and the living lauded. One speaker, Mr. Spencer Hall, gave an animated and touching account of his early struggles in life; and if, perhaps, some of the other matters were a little in the *Erebus vein*, and not quite consistent with correct ratiocination, the whole is to be applauded, as linking a population emulous of knowledge kindly together in bonds of brotherhood and love. It is to be an annual festival.

*John Andrews, Esq.*—The sudden death of Mr. Andrews, bookseller and theatrical agent in Bond Street, at the early age of fifty-three, will be lamented by a wide circle of literary and dramatic friends, whom his kind and social disposition had attached to him in life. Mr. Andrews was the publisher of a number of popular and valuable works; but his most prominent dealings were connected with the theatres. He was, we believe, more extensively engaged in the speculation with boxes at her Majesty's Theatre than any other individual in London; and it will astonish many of our readers to be told that these would amount to £10,000 or £12,000 in one season. Yet he was so largely patronised by the wealthy and noble as generally to make a good harvest of such investments. The present existence of Covent Garden as a place of public entertainment may probably be attributed to the enterprise and liberality of Mr. Andrews. In all his undertakings he was spirited and generous, and in the intercourse of private life warm-hearted and friendly. He had been previously unwell, and had apparently somewhat recovered; but in stepping towards his bed on Tuesday evening, after a moderate repast, being a heavy and corpulent man, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and suffered no more.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the press, and shortly forthcoming:—*Anne Boleyn: an Historical Romance*, by Mrs. Thomson, author of "Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough," &c.—*Frederick the Great*, and his Times, edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—*The Man of Fortune: a Novel*, by Mrs. Gore.—*Madame de Sevigné*, and her Contemporaries, we are told, by a Lady.—*Sir Henry Morgan*; or, *Adven-*

tures of a Buccaneer, by the author of "Rattlin the Reeler, &c."—Narrative of the late Expedition to Syria, under the command of Admiral Sir R. Stopford; with portraits and other illustrations.—Five Years in India, by Henry Edward Fane, Esq., late Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Modern Flirtation; or, a Month at Harrogate, by Catherine Sinclair, 3 vols., post 8vo, 17. 11s. 6d.—White's Compendium of Cattle-Medicine, 6th ed., by W. C. Spooner, 8vo, 9s.—A Search into the Old Testament, by Joseph Hume, post 8vo, 7s.—Bray's Philosophy of Necessity, Vol. I., 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Wakefield's Introduction to Botany, 11th ed., with considerable alterations, 8vo, 2s. 6d.—Scott's History of the County of Fife, 4 vols., 8vo, 12s. 6d.—Letters and Notes on the North American Indians, by G. Catlin, 2 vols., roy. 8vo, 2t. 10s.—Retsch's Outlines to Shakespeare; Othello, 1to, 18s.—The Fruit-grower's Instructor, by G. Bilas, 12mo, 6s.—Merrie England in the Olden Time, by G. Daniel, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s.—A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, 2 vols., post 8vo, 18s.—Letter on the Evidences and Theory of the Christian Religion, by L. C. Hall, 8vo, 1s.—The Sunday Prayer-Book, 32mo, 3s.—On the Diseases and Derangements of the Nervous System, by Dr. M. Hall, 8vo, 15s.—Barnes' Notes on the Gospels, Vol. I., Matthew and Mark, post 8vo, 5s.—Journals of Two Expeditions in Australia, by Capt. G. Grey, 2 vols., 8vo, 36s.—Elements of Theology, by the Rev. T. G. Hall, 12mo, 6s.—The Thousand Year War, 3 vols., 8vo, 12s.—The History of the New Zealand Emigrants, by J. G. Bright, 12mo, 5s.—Interesting Facts on the Animal Kingdom, by J. C. Hall, M.D., 8vo, 8s. 6d.—On Calvinism, by the Rev. W. Hull, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Short Account of the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England, by T. Stephen, 18mo, 3s. 6d.—Tales of a Grandfather (Scotland), by Sir W. Scott, 3 vols., fcp., 15s.—The World; or, the Universal Popular Statistics, by W. H. Christie, 8vo, 18s.—The Matchless Match, by W. H. Christie, 8vo, 18s.—Man; &c., 3 vols., post 8vo, 17. 11s. 6d.—Mrs. Ellis' Family Secrets, Vol. I., post 8vo, 12s.—Lectures on Paley, or, Principles of Morality, for the use of Students, 8vo, 12s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

<i>November.</i>	<i>Thermometer.</i>	<i>Barometer.</i>
Thursday . . . 4	From 40 to 49	30.25 to 30.27
Friday . . . . 5	. . . . 42 . . 49	30.24 . . 30.28
Saturday . . . 6	. . . . 39 . . 52	30.32 . . 30.29
Sunday . . . . 7	. . . . 37 . . 51	30.28 Station.
Monday . . . . 8	. . . . 38 . . 50	30.22 . . 30.21
Tuesday . . . 9	. . . . 39 . . 49	30.18 . . 30.16
Wednesday . . 10	. . . . 43 . . 52	30.03 . . 29.96

Wind south-east on the 4th and 5th; south on the 6th; west on the 7th; since south-west. On the 4th and following day, overcast; the 6th, morning cloudy, otherwise clear; the 7th, morning overcast, afternoon clear, evening foggy; the 8th, generally cloudy; the 9th, overcast; the 10th, cloudy, sunshine at times between eleven and twelve.

*Periodic fall of Meteors.*—We have to remind our readers, that Saturday, the 13th inst. (this day), is about the time for the predicted return of the meteoric phenomena, perhaps better known by the name of *November meteors*.

*Edmonton.*

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are bound to correct an error in the estimate of Dr. Lardner's *Manual of Electricity*, &c., in our last Number (p. 719), in which, misled by the disproportionate length of his introduction, and not advertent to the promise of the title-page, that the work would be completed in "two volumes," we presumed that it would occupy six volumes. We have therefore to make our bow to the "other alternative" and as yet only object to the extent of the introductory matter leaving so little room for the important subjects of electricity, magnetism, and meteorology, and all the recent discoveries connected with their remarkable progress.

R. B. is, of course, entirely at liberty to make what use he pleases of his MS. Again we tender him our thanks for its offer to us.

•• The public are cautioned against parties who are in the habit of putting advertisements in the country newspapers, offering to supply the London newspapers at surprices as must convince any person, who will take the trouble to make the slightest calculation, that a fraud is being attempted. The persons, who are thus being tempted by the low price named, have, in fact, no parties ordered for papers, and, as desired by them, *payment in advance*; and in every instance such persons have been swindled out of their money. Advertisements of the above description have been observed to abound of late in the country press; and the reason to be feared that some of the London shippers have repaid a hard harvest by this nefarious imposture.

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